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THE SUNSHINE ON THE WALL.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY JOSEPHINE FRANKLIN.

Fade away, oh, beauteous sunshine, beauteous sunshine on the wall,
Fade slow away each day and hour, then never come at all!
I lie upon my couch of pain and view your beams depart,
And fear that with you fadeth too, the sunshine in my heart.

The days are getting short and drear, the leaves begin to fall,
As your yellow rays are paling, oh sunshine on the wall;—
I watch them growing less and less with growing sense of pain,—
Shall the spring behold me watching for their return again?

Or, shall my poor unquiet heart, that ne'er content has known,
Be lying where my kindred lie, on yonder hillside lone?
Shall I fade with you, oh, sunshine, beauteous sunshine on the wall,
Till my spirit hear the summons and answer the recall?

Away, depressing fancies,—morbid thoughts of future ill!
I will trust to God's own goodness, God's holy, perfect will.
And this strip of fading sunshine, fading sunshine on the wall,
Shall leave a golden memory where a shadow shall not fall!

Mount Hope, Sept., 1861.

THE LADY LISLE.

CHAPTER VI.

MAJOR AND MRS. GRANVILLE VARNEY.

At this very moment the oak door of the dining-room was opened from within, and a smiling face peeped out into the hall.

"And it is the dear child himself," cried the owner, in hearty and delighted accents. "Arthur, I have found you at last then, sly old fox! you see, I've hunted you down eh, dear boy? eh, sly old fox? eh, dear child?"

And Major Granville Varney burst into a long musical peal of the merriest, lightest-hearted laughter, that ever, perhaps, was heard to issue from human lungs.

He came out into the hall, and shook hands with his dear child, and his sly old fox, ever so many times over, both hands at once. He seemed never tired of shaking hands with him. There was no mistake about the delight he felt in the meeting; he laughed, he chuckled, he repeated himself over and over again in an almost imbecile manner, from very buoyancy of spirits. He was tall and stout, very fair, fresh looking, and rosy. He had blue eyes, that flashed and glittered with the radiance of their smile; blue eyes, that had a bright twinkle in them, and the lids of which opened and shut so often that his light eyelashes emitted transient flashes of light even in the sunshine. His teeth were so white that they glittered too, almost as much as his eyes; his lips were as rosy, and his complexion as fair, as a woman's; his pale auburn moustache, imperial, and whiskers, exquisitely trained, and the forest of bright curls clustering round his high, white forehead, were shot with golden hues; and the mingled effect made his face seem all gold and glitter, so that you could scarcely look at him long, without having your eyes dazzled, nearly as much as if you had looked at the reflection of the sun upon a burning glass.

He was dressed in a loose, careless style, which became him wonderfully. He wore a bright-colored handkerchief round his throat, a braided velvet coat under a thin cream-colored overcoat, a lemon-colored waistcoat, and a quantity of golden ornaments, that shivered and scintillated at his watch chain. He had a Malaca cane, with a gold knob-handle. His hands glittered with rings and the gloves hanging half out of his coat pocket were of a bright yellow. From head to foot he was all flash, glitter, and dazzle; and wherever he went, he seemed to shed twinkling rays of golden light about and around him.

The sly old fox, pale and gloomy, gave him a sulky welcome to Lislewood Park, and introduced him to his wife.

The Major was delighted.

"I had never heard of this naughty boy's marriage. Would you believe it, Mrs. Walsingham?" he said, "the dear child kept it dark even from his friends in Calcutta; his friends who loved him so dearly, and had a hundred odd little claims upon his affection, and I learnt it accidentally this very morning at the Ship Hotel, Brighton. Shall I tell you how it was, Arthur? Mrs. Varney wanted a drive. I objected that there was nothing to be seen anywhere within a drive of Brighton which we had not already seen. Mrs. Varney still insisting, I inquired of the waiter as to the gentleman's seats in the neighborhood. Waiter suggests Lislewood Park. Good! Which Lislewood Park? Why the mansion of Sir Rupert Lisle, Baronet. Good! we would take a drive over, and look at Sir Rupert Lisle, Baronet. Never for a moment imagining," said the Major, bowing and smiling at the little boy, "that Sir Rupert Lisle, Baronet, was a young gentleman in a velvet tunic. Well, arrived here, we request to see the house. We are told that it is never shown. 'What?' we exclaim, mournfully, 'never?' 'Never,' reply the servants; 'Captain Walsingham has a particular objection to it.' 'Captain Walsingham!' imagine my surprise, dear boy; for, if you remember, when you left Calcutta, you were by no means master of Lislewood Park. Picture my delight, then, my felicity in my friend's felicity, and shake hands once more, sly old fox!"

"Don't be a fool, Major!" said the sly old fox, in reply to this affectionate address.

"And the dear child has never once asked after our poor Ada, who is yawning at Sir Rupert Lisle's Rubens over the mantelpiece yonder," said the Major, pointing to the half-open drawing-room door; "which, between you and me and Mrs. Walsingham (and with no disrespect to the Baronet, who is too young to be a very severe critic), is neither more nor less than a copy! Yes!" said the Major, looking at Arthur Walsingham, as if they had been deep in an art discussion; "yes, Arthur, dear child, a copy; and I think I could put my hand upon the grandson of the man who did it; a little fellow at Antwerp, a Jew, Mrs. Walsingham, but a genius. The Rubens coloring is hereditary in the family, and any clever picture dealer will tell you where any of the lot have been at work."

The Captain, looking gloomily down at his dusty boots, appeared to take no interest whatever in the artistic capabilities of the Antwerp Jews.

Major Varney looked round, with a glittering, sparkling, scintillating smile, as if waiting for some one to say something good. The Captain never raised his eyes from his boots.

"Arthur," said his senior officer, pulling with one fair, ringed hand at his yellow moustaches; "my fox, you receive me as if I were a bailiff; and poor Ada, surely you are going to ask after her!"

"Ah, ah, yes!" answered the Captain.—"How is Mrs. Varney?"

"Mrs. Varney!" exclaimed the Major, with reproachful melancholy. "And two years ago, my dear Mrs. Walsingham, it used to be Arthur and Ada always with these dear children. But come here, surly Captain, then, and see your old friend. Mrs. Walsingham, my wife will be delighted with you, and you will be delighted with my wife. Both young, both eminently lovely," he added, bowing to Claribel. "One all animation, the other all repose. Ada," he called, raising his voice.

"Yes, dear."

Only two syllables, certainly; but tones of liquid magic, that went through your heart with a musical quiver, as if you had been a harp all your life, and your most exquisite and sensitive chord had never been struck till now. It was a voice that seemed painfully beautiful; so beautiful that you instinctively feared it, for you felt that it might be false. Mrs. Major Varney appeared at the drawing-room door, and stood upon the threshold, like a picture in a frame.

A green velvet curtain, hanging on one side of the doorway, assisted the illusion; the light descended, in a slanting direction, from the great window on one side of the hall, and she was so lovely, that the sunshine seemed to concentrate itself about her, leaving the rest of the hall in shadow, till even the Major ceased glittering.

She was richly dressed in brocaded silk, of shining silver gray, with glowing violet fringes and ribbons. An immense shawl, of thick black lace, fell about her, not as a shawl, but as a drapery, hanging loosely from one shoulder, and trailing in artistic folds over the skirt of her dress. She had thrown off her bonnet, and her dark-brown hair, worn in a fashion of her own, fell carelessly, in masses of thick curls, about her shoulders. It was not fastened or dressed, like anybody else's hair, but seemed to be thrown back from her low forehead, to fall, in clusters of ringlets, where and how it chose. Her face was perfectly oriental; the nose small and aquiline; the eyes black as night, almond shaped, languid, half veiled by long and inky lashes; her pouting lips a vivid crimson; her complexion a pale olive. But to this glorious splendor of feature and of coloring, she added the still more winning loveliness of an exquisitely childlike and candid countenance; a countenance in which the innocence of an infant was blended with the perfection of womanly beauty. Her enemies, powerless to deny her attractions, declared that she was a Jewess. It was all they could find to say.

She stood for a few moments in the same attitude, motionless as a statue. She seemed as if she had become accustomed to wait instinctively, till the surprise and admiration elicited by her appearance had subsided.

THE REBEL FORTIFICATIONS ON MUNSON'S HILL:

THE REBEL POSITION NEAREST THE UNION LINES, THREE MILES SOUTH-WEST OF ARLINGTON HEIGHTS.

We are indebted to a sketch in "Frank Leslie" for the above interesting view of Munson's Hill. The object of the rebels seems to be to provoke McClellan to attack them. Of course he will choose his own time. If they want to hurry matters, they know where to find him.

Then, holding out a little, exquisitely-gloved hand, she approached the Captain, who had looked at her, as if he, too, beheld her for the first time. She was so brilliantly beautiful, that she must always be, in some measure, a surprise.

"Captain Walsingham, have you quite forgotten Calcutta?"

"Forgotten Calcutta? I'll wager not, indeed!" said the Major, with a peal of ringing laughter.

"Not in the least, Mrs. Varney. Experience is an expensive teacher at the best of times; but it would be a bad one, indeed, if we forgot its lessons so soon."

"He talks," said the Major, still laughing, "like the moral at the end of the chapters in a novel written with a purpose. Sly fox! he has *ranged* himself, as our friends on the other side of the Channel say. But come, Arthur, make the ladies acquainted with each other."

The bronze face of the Captain took a more sombre hue than usual. You have noticed this with dark-complexioned people, when they are angry, they do not frown, they darken.

"It is scarcely worth while," he said, "my wife and I start for the continent to-morrow. The ladies would have no time to become intimate. Come, Claribel—come, Baronet." He took the boy by the hand and walked towards the door of the library, turning his back deliberately to the Major and his beautiful wife. Mrs. Walsingham stared in amazement at her husband. She had seen him abrupt and strange in his manners, but she had never before seen him like this. The Major did not appear in the least annoyed; he laughed softly to himself, and before Captain Walsingham could leave the hall, he had begun to sing, in a very fine tenor voice, the first lines of one of Moore's Melodies—

"Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour."

Arthur Walsingham stopped as suddenly as if he had been shot.

"Think better of it, dear boy," said the Major, when he had finished the verse, and executed a very artistic little embellishment upon the last note but one; "think better of it, my child, and introduce Mrs. Walsingham to Mrs. Varney; they ought to know each other. Introduce them, Arthur, and change your mind about the continental trip. I really think you'd better."

The Captain introduced his wife and Mrs. Varney to each other. Claribel seemed very well disposed towards the beautiful stranger.

"Won't you ask your friends to dinner, Arthur?" she whispered to her husband.

He did not answer her.

"Take Mrs. Varney into the drawing-room, Claribel," he said; "and you, Major, come and have a cigar upon the terrace."

"A dozen, my dear boy, for I have so much to say to you."

The two men paced up and down the long stone promenade until the dinner bell rang from the cupola over the hall. The ladies, seated near one of the drawing-room windows, saw that they were deep in conversation. The Major was very animated, and indulged in a good deal of illustrative action. Captain Walsingham walked with his head bent down and his hands in his pockets, always smoking, and it was to be noticed that when the Major was most radiant and animated, gesticulated most, and laughed loudest, his companion smoked more fiercely than usual, and seemed as if he would have consumed his cheroot in half-a-dozen savage puffs.

A few minutes after the bell had done ringing, Captain Walsingham strode in at the drawing-room window, followed by his friend.

"Claribel," he said, "Major Varney has persuaded me to postpone our tour, till he and his wife can join us in it; in the meantime he has promised to enliven us here by a visit of a week or two."

"Dear Arthur has been so eloquent in his hospitable entreaties, Ada, that, without consulting either your wishes or Mrs. Walsingham—who, by the way, may think these Indian friendships a terrible nuisance—I consented to stay for a few days. But I have my own carriage with me, Arthur,—will that inconvenience you?"

"No; there is plenty of room in the stables. You have your own coachman, then?"

"Yes, an excellent fellow; he will be an acquisition to your servants' hall."

"The Major and Mrs. Varney will have the blue-rooms, Claribel. Will you give Carson her orders?"

"Yes, Arthur, immediately. I am so glad you are going to stay with us," added Mrs. Walsingham, turning to Ada Varney.

"You like her?" said the Major. "I thought you would; everybody does."

They were all leaving the room, when Major Granville Varney stopped at the door, and looking round the luxurious apartment, opening into the wide sweep of garden, lake, and woodland, he said, deliberately,—

"So this is Lislewood Park! Arthur Walsingham, you are a slyer fox than your superior officer."

CHAPTER VII.

HUNTED DOWN.

Major Granville Varney shone and sparkled with redoubled radiance upon the little party at the dining-table. He was seated next to Claribel Walsingham, and the languid mistress of Lislewood Park found herself listening with unwonted interest to the incessant rattle; stories of Indian life—with anecdotes so briefly told, so neat and epigrammatic, that they, too, seemed to have a sparkle of their own, and to be as bright and glittering as the Major himself.

Like all very quiet and undemonstrative people, Claribel was always fascinated by animation in others. She listened to and wondered at this light-hearted soldier, who told her almost in the same breath of some desperate struggle in the Punjaub, and of a ludicrous scene at a dinner in Calcutta. She sighed as she looked from the accomplished Major to the silent Captain, who bent gloomily over his plate, and stared absently at the Lisle crest upon his fork. "If Arthur had only been blest with such spirits!" she thought.

Mrs. Varney said very little. She yawned one or twice during the dessert. She had heard all the Major's stories before, perhaps. Captain Walsingham did not make any attempt to get up a conversation with his fair neighbor, but threw himself back in his chair, in an embarrassed manner, leaving his glass of port untouched.

In the evening, when the ladies were seated in the drawing-room, and the Major was giving Mrs. Walsingham a topographical description of the City of Palaces, the Captain strode out of the open window, down the terrace steps, through the garden, across the bridge, and into the long avenue leading to the gates.

The sun had set in a leaden sky, casting lurid streaks of fiery light that were slowly fading out behind the trunks of the great trees. The heat was oppressive, and the heavy atmosphere had that sinister stillness, which is always the presage of a storm. Large drops of rain pattered upon the leaves of the oaks, and now and then upon the Captain's uncovered head; but he never once looked up, or seemed to be aware of the shower. With his hands in his pockets, he walked rapidly up and down the avenue, till the last red gleam flickered away from the low brush-wood, and the long arcades were left in twilight darkness.

"It is as lonely as one of the primeval forests," he said, looking about him, and turning from the avenue into the thickly-wooded part of the park.

After walking for some time, he reached a spot where the great branches of the beeches made a dense roof over his head. He had looked every now and then back to the lighted windows of the house, shining on the other side of the lake, and reflected in the still water; but looking back now, he found that it was out of sight. So completely was he shut in by the magnificent old timber.

"Midway between the house and the gates," he said, "and far from either. No one but a poacher or a suicide would ever come here."

He stopped under one of the trees, and seating himself upon a branch that grew a few feet from the ground, took something from the pocket of his dress-coat. The something was wrapped in a cambric handkerchief. He examined it carefully by the touch, for it was too dark for him to see, and as he held it in his hands, it clicked sharply.

At the sound of the click, a white object flew over his shoulder like the wing of a bird, and the something was snatched from his hand.

He sprang to his feet, and, turning round, caught a man, who had been standing behind him, by the throat.

"Give it me back," he said, fiercely, to the intruder, who was no other than his friend, Major Granville Varney.

"On no account, my dear boy; on no account. Have you another of them?"

"What's that to you?"

"Silly child! Have you another pistol; yes or no?" said the Major, in his most agreeable tones.

"No."

"Good, my Arthur. Then let us sit down together, upon the arm of this beech, which makes an excellent *causeuse* by the way, and talk this over quietly."

Captain Walsingham seated himself opposite the Major, without uttering a word.

"In the first place, we will draw the charge from this absurd little plaything," said Major Varney, putting the ball into his waistcoat pocket, and scattering the powder upon the ground, "and then we will light our cigars, and proceed to business." He handed Arthur Walsingham a cigar-case and a fusee-box.

The fusees threw a brief red glare upon the faces of the two men, as they lighted their cigars. The Captain's was as white as a corpse; the Major's serene and smiling.

"And now, dear Arthur, what is the meaning of this?"

"What is the meaning of which?" muttered the Captain.

"The loaded pistol. Foolish boy! do you suppose I didn't know what you were after? Do you think I couldn't see? Pshaw! I read it in your face at the dinner-table. I heard the pistol chink against the framework of your chair, as you rose to open the door for the ladies. When you strode out of the drawing-room, I knew what you were going to do, and five minutes afterwards followed you myself. Foolish boy! deluded boy! false to his own interests, and ungrateful to his friends. Sad boy!" The Major's clear and joyous laugh rang through the dark arcades, as he dropped the pistol into his coat pocket, and took a few puffs at his cigar. The red end of Captain Walsingham's cheroot burned with a steady fire, the smoker sitting in a crouching attitude, huddled against the trunk of the tree. The senior officer sat at the extremity of the arm of the beech, nursing one varnished boot upon his knee.

"Now, Arthur, were I a disagreeable fellow, I might commence this conversation by reproaching you with your ingratitude; but I hate reproaches, and I hate prose, so I pass that over, and come at once to your impolicy. Arthur, you've made a fool of yourself."

The Captain did not reply to this observation. After a pause, during which the two men might have counted every rain drop that fell upon the leaves above their heads, the Major continued,—

"You are sulky, Arthur, or you would say 'How so?' But no matter, I put the question for you, prior to answering it. I place myself in the position of you, Arthur Walsingham, and I ask, How have I, the said Arthur, made a fool of myself? In the first place, my dear boy, you have made the very terrible, but extremely common mistake, of believing it possible to profit by the services of a much cleverer man than yourself, so long as those services were necessary to you, and to throw over that much cleverer man than yourself as soon as you could dispense with his aid."

The patter of the falling rain was still the only sound that answered Major Granville Varney.

"Some years ago, Arthur, you were in such a hobble, that, but for the assistance of a kind friend, it's exceedingly unlikely you would have ever got out of it."

"Granted," said the Captain.

"Dear boy, if you will only leave off being sulky, we shall get on as well as ever. Well, the friend did help you, and by his aid you were extricated from the hobble. As might be reasonably expected, a very lively attachment sprang up between you and the friend in question. People in Calcutta began to talk about Damon and Pythias. It was something more than friendship. It was a mysterious and masonic fellowship, which nothing but death could destroy. Was it not, dear Arthur?"

"If you ask me, 'Whether we were useful to each other?' I shall say 'yes,'" answered the Captain.

"But you'll not say any more. Unromantic Arthur! Well, then, we were useful to each other—eminently useful—and we might have continued to be so for many prosperous years. When behold, one morning, without either rhyme or reason, Captain Arthur Walsingham walks out of the East India Company's Service as coolly as he would have walked out of a club-house; instead of consulting his devoted friend, who would have advised him to wait quietly, until he was bought out by his juniors."

"Perhaps you'd have had him wait quietly until he was told that he had better leave the service, Eh, Major?" said the Captain, with a sneering laugh.

"Arthur, you're a fool! Well, instead of remembering and appreciating duly all past favors, ungrateful, secret, unfriendly, and unconfiding, this foolish boy walks out of the service, and on board a ship bound for England. This is all his devoted friend can learn about him, on returning from an excursion to the hills to find him gone."

"Yes. You had lost your tool, Major."

"I had lost my tool, Arthur! How can you put matters upon so unfriendly a footing?" said the Major, in tones of manly indignation. "I had lost my friend, my pupil, my companion, my Damon. I was annihilated. I caused inquiries to be made through a friend in England. You had been seen to land at Dover, but you had never been seen afterwards; in short, there was nothing to be done but to submit—to bide my time. 'The sly fox has given me the slip,' I said; 'but I'll bide my time,' and early or late, so sure as my name is Granville Varney, I'll hunt him down!"

He laid his two effeminate white hands lightly upon the Captain's shoulders as he spoke. Light as the touch was, Arthur Walsingham crouched down under it, as he might have done under a ton of iron.

"'I'll hunt him down,' I said," continued the Major. "Hide where he will, wind when and how he will, and as often as he will, I'll scent him out, I'll track him home, I'll hunt him down, and I've done it."

He laughed loudly and triumphantly, rubbed his hands softly together, and looked askance through the darkness, with his glittering blue eyes fixed upon the dim outline of the Captain's face.

"I obtained leave of absence and I left India," he continued, speaking rapidly, and working up to a climax. "I have been in every gambling-house in London; in every billiard-room in every obscure town in every county in England; I have made my inquiries at every place and of every person, likely or unlikely; and, after indefatigable research, after a thousand mortifications, a thousand defeats, I hear at last, this morning, at the Ship Hotel, Brighton, that a certain Captain Walsingham has married the rich widow of Sir Reginald Lisle, Baronet, and has taken up his quarters at Lislewood Park."

"Your visit was not accidental, then?" asked the Captain.

"My dear Arthur, do you think that if I ever left the course of my life to be directed by accident, I should be the man I am? No, I knew where I was coming, and why I was coming, and now you may know it too. I come to claim the fulfillment of the terms of our old treaty. I come to claim my share in your winnings, according to the old bargain. I come to exact my rights established by precedent long ago. Whatever amount of your wife's fortune may fall into your hands, I claim the half of that amount. Whatever of your stepson's wealth and power can be wrested from him by you, the half of that wealth and power is mine. Whatever comfort, luxury, indolence, and extravagance you may enjoy, I claim my right to enjoy the same.—And now get up, dear boy, and come back to the house. Walk on, Arthur Walsingham and Company, but remember your senior partner walks behind you; though he may choose to keep in the shadow."

Pale and shivering in the oppressive summer air, Arthur Walsingham walked along the avenue, across the bridge, and through the gardens. Some doomed and wretched criminal, stumbling up the steps of the gallows, might have walked as he walked, and looked as he looked; while the hangman, who sometimes assists the unhappy wretch to mount the scaffold, would have borne no little resemblance to the brilliant Major, who sauntered close behind his friend, with one hand resting lightly on his shoulder.

Even in the graceful position of this delicate hand, there was something of the action of a police officer, who has apprehended his victim. Something which seemed to say, more plainly than the words of the Major himself,—

"Hunted down, Arthur Walsingham! hunted down!"

CHAPTER VIII.

WORKING UNDERGROUND.

Major Granville Varney appeared to find no difficulty in making himself quite at home at Lislewood Park. He sent to Brighton for his luggage, which arrived under the care of his valet, a dark, oily-complexioned, and Jewish looking person, called Salamons.

There were people in Calcutta so malicious as to say that this dark-eyed Israelite had not always been the Major's valet, but that he had once been the manager of a small provincial theatre, on the boards of which a pretty sister of his had performed the principal characters of the British Drama; and these malevolent Anglo-Indians would sometimes go so far as to affirm that the pretty sister aforesaid was neither more nor less than the present Mrs. Granville Varney, and that the Major, being in England on furlough, had fallen desperately in love with her, on seeing her play at her brother's theatre, and had married her off hand. Be it how it might, Mrs. Varney was accomplished, elegant, beautiful, fascinating; she had the richest and purest of contralto voices, and had that faculty for music which is so high above all ordinary talent as to be worthy of the divine name of genius. If the sleek, oily, Jewish valet was her brother, she did not display any great affection for that relative; but would sweep past him, with her white eyelids drooping proudly over her long, dark eyes, as if he were something too insignificant for her to be even aware of his presence.

After the first day or two of the Major's visit, Captain Walsingham's spirits improved wonderfully. They generally played billiards the best part of the day, and *ecarte* half the night. Mrs. Varney and Claribel would sometimes loiter into the billiard room, and look on while the gentleman played. The Major laughed and talked, as he handled his cue. He payed compliments to the ladies, and rattled away with unceasing vivacity, as the shining ivory balls ran over the green cloth. Arthur Walsingham, on the contrary, played with a feverish earnestness. He seemed never to grow weary. He left the billiard room with regret, and returned to it with impatience. At their evening games of *ecarte* it was he who urged the Major to continue playing; it was he who would keep his friend seated at the little table long after the ladies had retired to their rooms. Whoever had watched the faces of the two men, bending over the small table, with a shaded lamp between them, would have said that, with the Major, play was an amusement, a caprice, or a convenience; but that with the Captain, it was a deeply rooted and absorbing passion.

While all this was taking place at the house, Gilbert Arnold, the lodge keeper, smoking his clay pipe within the shadows of his doorway, looked out, with envy and dislike, at the visitors and their servants.

"So Captain No-one-knows-who, of Nowhere Castle, has got a friend come to visit him, has he?" he said to his wife, one morning, a few days after the Major's arrival; "I suppose the new comer will expect my son to lie down, and be walked over by him as well as the rest of 'em. That's what they are always driving at, these high swells. But we won't do it, will we, Jim?" he added, addressing himself to the boy swinging on the gate of the little garden.

"Won't do what, father?"

"Won't lie down, and be walked over by rich people's shiny leather boots, eh, Jim?"

"Not if we know it, father," the boy said, looking up at the poacher's grim face, with a glance of precious cunning.

Gilbert burst into a loud laugh.

"That's my own son, a chip of the old block," he said; "none of your mother's puling about our betters; none of the curate's nonsense about honoring our superiors, and being thankful for broken victuals."

"Father," cried the boy, "the Captain, and that gentleman with the whiskers, and Sir Rupert, are coming down to the gates."

"Are they, lad? Then you'll get a sixpence, perhaps, if you stand in the way. Take their money, but don't take their impudence, Jim; that's my advice."

The boy nodded, and clambering off the garden gate, ran out into the avenue.

"Here they come," said Gilbert; "here comes the Captain and his fine officer friend. I never saw such a fellow! He makes one's eyes wink; he's so bright and shining. Here comes Sir Rupert, on his thorough bred pony. Why shouldn't my boy have a pony? He's a finer boy for his age than that one, any day in the week," grumbled Gilbert Arnold.

The two gentlemen were walking side by side, the Captain holding the bridle of the little Baronet's pony.

"Arthur," said the Major, as they approached the gate, "do you know anything about that reformed poacher of yours?"

"Nothing but that he has been a desperate fellow in his time, and that he has now taken to reading Mr. Maysome's tracts, and attending church twice every Sunday."

"Good!" said the Major. "Formerly a desperate poacher, latterly a sanctimonious hypocrite. Now, my dear Arthur, that is exactly the sort of man I consider interesting, as a study—mind, purely as a study. You can't give me any of the particulars of his former life, can you?"

"No. I believe he was away from Sussex for a year or two, was sent to prison in Hampshire, for some fray with gamekeepers, and, on his return to Lislewood, married Rachel Dawson, the lodge keeper's daughter, and has done nothing ever since but hang about the place, as you now see him."

"Yes, there he is," said the Major, gaily; "yellow eyes, with a tinge of green in them; cat's eyes, that change in the sunshine; a cat's step, slow and cautious; a cat's treachery, if need were. Arthur Walsingham, I shall study that man."

They reached the gate, as the Major left off speaking.

"Good morning, Arnold," said the Captain.

The man gave a sulky nod, and pulled off his greasy cap, as if he hated the necessity which made him do so. The two boys stared at each other. The little Baronet, dressed in a velvet tunic, and mounted on his pony, looked down inquisitively at the lodge keeper's son, in corduroy trowsers, holland blouse, and hob-nailed boots.

"Egad!" said the Major; "those two boys are exactly of an age, I should think."

"My lad's a year younger than Sir Rupert," growled Gilbert Arnold.

"A year younger. Then he's a very fine fellow, for his age, my good friend. They are just about of a size, I should fancy.—Jump off your pony, Baronet, and let us see which is the tallest, you or little Arnold yonder."

The boy sprang to the ground, and the Major placed the two children carefully back to back. Sir Rupert had taken off his hat, and their two uncovered heads were exactly level.

"There's not the eighth of an inch difference between them," said Major Varney; "and I declare, their hair is precisely the same color."

The Major was right; the long curls of the Baronet, and James Arnold's closely-cropped hair, were of the same flaxen shade.—Both the boys had light blue eyes, pale faces, and sharp but delicate features; but so great was the distinction made by the rich dress and flowing locks of one, and the ungainly garments of the other, that the careless observer lost sight of the striking resemblance between the children.

"If my friend Arnold," said the Major, "were to dress his boy like Sir Rupert, they might pass for brothers. Give the little lad a ride on your pony, Baronet, and let's see how he sits."

Major Varney lifted the boy into the saddle; but James Arnold inherited his father's envious temper, without his father's bull-dog courage. The moment the Major urged the pony into a trot, the child turned pale, and began to cry.

"How's this?" said the Major, lifting him off. "He shivers in every limb; surely he isn't frightened?"

"He's rather timersome," answered the father, apologetically.

"Timersome!" cried Major Varney, "Timersome! I never saw anything like it. Sir Rupert is as delicate as a girl, but he can sit his pony like a man, and is no more afraid of a hedge than I am. Are you, Baronet?" he said, turning to the boy, who had clambered into his saddle again.

"No, Major. James Arnold is a coward. He cries if you hit him. I hate cowards!"

"Hush! Baronet. That isn't gentlemanly; courage is constitutional, and so is cowardice. This boy can't help being frightened," said the Major, laying his hand upon the lad's flaxen hair. "He has a nervous temperament, and a man with a strong will could do whatever he liked with him. I'd make that child follow me like a dog, and look in my face for his words, before he had the pluck to speak them. Take care of your son, Arnold, or he'll give you trouble by-and-by."

"Thank'ee, sir," answered the lodge keeper, sulkily; "I ain't afeard."

"Ah! I understand. You don't like my interference. Never mind, my friend; we shall understand each other better by-and-by; we shall understand each other better, much better, very much better," said Major Varney, rubbing his soft, white hands, and laughing pleasantly, with his glittering blue eyes glancing, in a sideway direction, at the surly lodge keeper.

Gilbert Arnold's yellow green optics blinked under this searching side glance, as if the auburn whiskered Major had been one dazzling ray of sunlight.

"Good day, my friend. I shall drop in by-and-by, and have a chat with you. Come, Baronet; come, Arthur, dear child; now for a ramble."

The iron gates clanked upon their hinges, and closed upon the little party, as the Major spoke. Gilbert Arnold stole out of his favorite shadow when they were gone, and looked down the high road after them.

"Hang that yellow-looking chap!" he said, savagely. "Who's he, I wonder, that he comes, and reckons a man up, as if he was a sum in ciphering? Curse his aristocratic impudence!"

Major Granville Varney was a long time over his toillette that evening. It seemed as if he would have never finished brushing his glistening auburn hair, and smoothing his well-trained yellow moustachios, with a perfumed fixature; but he paused at last, with two ivory-backed brushes in his hand, and looked thoughtfully at his Jewish valet, who stood by, with his master's black waistcoat hanging over his arm.

"Salamons, you are leading a very quiet life in this dismal country house. I hope your intellect is not getting rusty," said Major Varney, after having contemplated his servant for some moments, with a covertly scrutinizing glance.

"I hope not, sir; especially if—"

"Especially if I want you to exercise that intellect in my behalf, eh, Salamons? I understand you. You're a very worthy creature, Salamons, and I may soon be in a position to double your wages. Now take your notebook, and listen to me."

Mr. Salamons, with the Major's waistcoat still hanging on his arm, drew a leather memorandum book from his pocket, opened it, took out a short lead pencil, and prepared himself to write. The leaves of this memorandum book were written over and crossed and re-crossed in every direction; so that the Major's valet had some difficulty in finding a clean place.

"There is a poacher fellow at the gates of the park," said the Major, waving the brushes in a circular direction, to give effect to his discourse, "called Gilbert Arnold. Put down Gilbert Arnold, poacher."

Mr. Salamons wrote, in a short, squat, heavy handwriting, with the letters all huddled one over the other, *Gilbert Arnold, poacher.*

"He has been in Winchester jail, for a fray with gamekeepers. Put down Winchester jail."

Mr. Salamons wrote *Winchester jail*, over *Gilbert Arnold, poacher.*"

"Now shut your book, and listen to me." The Major threw down the brushes, and flung himself into an easy chair. Mr. Salamons closed his memorandum book, put it in his pocket, and stood deferentially awaiting his master's communication.

"This poacher fellow has been in Winchester jail for an offence that he has committed. He has been in Lewes jail twice for other offences; but he has committed some crime for which he has never been punished."

"And you got your information, sir—?"

"From the man's face. From his blinking eyes, that shift under the glance of mine. From his stealthy step, and his crouching attitudes. From his unshaven chin, and haggard looks. Every morning that man gets up, he says to himself, 'I may be taken before night.' If he is going to shave, he throws down his razor, for he thinks, 'I may wear a prison dress before night, and have my hair cropped by a prison barber.' Salamons, years ago that man committed a crime, and, long as he has escaped detection, he lives in daily dread of being apprehended for it. He may, perhaps, think that he is safe now; but fear has become such a habit of his mind, that, in spite of himself, he is afraid. Oh, Salamons! what a comfort it is to have a clear conscience, and no fear of ever having to wear that unbecoming prison dress." The Major rubbed his hands, and laughed aloud at this consoling thought.

"Now, Salamons, you can guess what I want you for. You must leave this place early to-morrow. I can't tell you where to inquire, or how to inquire. I rely upon your own sagacity, and I merely say to you, find out the secrets of the past life of Gilbert Arnold, and come back to me with the intelligence. I have an idea that it may some day be useful. And now, give me my waistcoat."

The Major finished his toilet, and dismissed his servant. The door of an inner room opened, and Mrs. Varney, dressed in white, with natural flowers in her dark hair stood upon the threshold.

"You look very lovely to-night, my soul's idol," said the Major, tenderly. "Those flowers have an air of charming innocence, that becomes you admirably. Ada, otherwise Adeline Varney, how would you like to be mistress of Lislewood Park?"

"Don't talk nonsense, Granville!" said the lady; "but come down-stair. I thought you would never have finished dressing."

"Ada, the train must be a very long one that would undermine this house, and we should begin to lay the gunpowder a great way off, should we not? But don't you disturb yourself, my darling. The grand system is at work. Alfred Salamons has received his instructions. Great things may be done yet, and all with a clear conscience—with a clear conscience, and no fear of the prison dress from first to last."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1861.

TERMS, &c.

The Terms of THE POST are $2 a-year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. ☞ The FIRST YEAR'S subscription must always be paid IN ADVANCE. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:—

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No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

REMITTANCES.

For the information of our friends, we may state that bills on all solvent banks in the United States and Canada are taken at par on subscription to THE POST, but we *prefer* Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware or New England money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and postage stamps are always acceptable. For all amounts over $5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities (less exchange) *payable to our order.*

If our friends throughout the country will comply with these suggestions so far as convenient, the favor will be appreciated.

THE ENGLISH PRESS.

A London friend—the author of "The Mystery" by the way—writes us as follows:

"We are sorry to find you are not obtaining a more speedy victory over the South.—*You must not pay attention to what the newspapers say; they do not represent the true feeling of England.* So far as I know and believe, all our best wishes and sympathies are with you. Newspapers *must* say something; it is their trade; and I don't think they scruple at what they do say, let it be ever so far from the truth. We do hope you will be able to end the contest speedily. Blondin is exhibiting here and attracting crowds. The flag of the stars and stripes is exhibited every day he performs at the Crystal Palace, right in front of my window."

We think the excuse made for the English press by our London friend—bad as it is—perhaps the best that can be made, with the single exception of the plea of ignorance.—For certainly there never were a more ignorant set of literary gentlemen than the editors of England. They have no knowledge of geography, to begin with. They confound rivers, towns and states in the United States with a want of information which is positively marvellous in men claiming to be generally well-informed. And as for political and military matters, it seems to be impossible to drum the simplest facts and ideas into their heads.

Then as to history—they have no knowledge of their own history, let alone ours. They never heard of the invasion by Charles Edward, and the perfect panic which at that time seized upon the whole population of England. They never read of the wars of the Roses, or of the rebellion against the Stuarts. They are not the least aware that India and Ireland were conquered, and that both countries are now held by the strong hand.

Moreover, they are entirely ignorant that the freest nations, during times of civil war, have been in the habit of conferring a degree of absolute power on their civil and military leaders, in order to ensure more efficient action, and preserve the very life of the state.

They are ignorant that the Roman Republic did this, and that our revolutionary fathers of 1776 did the same.

In short, while we think our friend's plea that the English papers talk nonsense because "they must say something" is a tolerably sound one, we think our own view that they err simply in ignorance is a still better defence for them. It is evident, judging them by what they say, that, with some honorable exceptions, they know nothing of the geography of the United States, nothing of our political institutions, nothing of their own history, nothing of our history, nothing of anything—save that English trade is injured by the disturbances in America, and that to spin cotton is the sole end and aim of human existence.

Even the pretentious monthlies and quarterlies seem to be as ignorant as the dailies and weeklies. Read the following from the *British Quarterly Review*, in proof of the assertion:—

> Be it remembered that since the 13th of April, Fort Sumter has been in the hands of the Secessionists, and that the 10,000 Carolinians who took it only lost some 200 or 300 men. Port Pickens, which commands the entrance to the Gulf of Mexico, is also in the possession of the Southern Confederation, which possesses Fort Monroe in Virginia, Fort McHenry in Maryland, a large Fortress on the Delaware, and the Arsenal in New Albany and Kentucky.

For the benefit of our *foreign* readers, we may say that Fort Pickens does not command "the entrance to the Gulf of Mexico"—and that it, as well as Forts Monroe, McHenry and a large Fortress on the Delaware," are *not* in the possession of the "Southern Confederation." What is meant by "the Arsenal in New Albany *and* Kentucky," we do not know. New Albany is a town in Indiana, Kentucky is a state—and we believe there is no arsenal in either of them.

In conclusion we may say, that since we have become satisfied that the majority of English editors and writers are too ignorant to have an intelligent opinion upon American affairs, we have ceased to read their articles with much interest, or care what decisions they come to.

As for the *people* of England, their case is different. They do not profess to know much about the facts, but have a few leading thoughts in their heads, and sympathies in their hearts, and, trusting to these, look kindly upon those who are fighting in America for the "good old cause" of Constitutional Freedom. In spite of all the perversions of the press, we believe that the masses of the British people have a stubborn conviction that the Union men of America are blood of their blood and bone of their bone, and therefore doing precisely what they would do under similar circumstances. They do not exactly comprehend the circumstances, but they sympathize with the men who hold, in the main, their own ideas—and who look back with themselves with reverence to the great fathers of English liberty. They walk thus more by faith than by sight; and walk more truly than those who think they have eyes, but are in fact blind. Let us not forget that we have these hosts of warm and true friends in England.

THE TRUE POLICY.

We observe that several of the daily papers—the *New York Times* particularly—have been employing their energies in magnifying the magnitude of the recent reverse at Lexington, Missouri. We confess we are not able to see the good policy of such a proceeding. The *Times* dwells upon the importance of the town—but does not state that it had been taken possession of by Col. Mulligan, and the secession governor, Jackson, driven out, only a short time before. The loss of money is alluded to—but nothing is said of the fact that the money also was captured by our troops, at the time the town was taken—though for that matter, the money really belongs to the banks of Lexington, and will probably be returned to them. It was not money belonging to the Federal government. The surrender, involving the loss of the immediate services of from two thousand to three thousand troops, with their arms and stores, is bad enough, without trying to make it any worse.

On the other hand, we have seen no attempt to magnify the enemy's recent losses—say, for instance, at Carnifex Ferry, in Western Virginia. A letter of recent date says:—

> We took nearly all of their tents; 18,000 rounds of ammunition; their *flag*; 4,000 muskets; 40 horses; 30 wagons; 500 bbls. sugar; the same of rice; 100 sacks of coffee; swords, uniforms, trunks and thousands of other things. Their loss of life was great, for we found they had four large pits of the dead. We had 15 killed and 81 wounded.

The four thousand muskets above mentioned, will do to put against those lost at Lexington.

In connection with this subject, we may refer to the foolish variableness of the public feeling, which the newspapers should strive to check and control, instead of aiding and ministering to it. Look at the elation after the capture of Hatteras, and then the despondency after the surrender of Lexington—both equally foolish. One lark does not make a summer, nor one snowbird a winter. We cannot expect a series of uninterrupted successes. Get the best generals in the world, and still there will be errors in the management of the campaign. The press should cultivate a temper in the people, that will prevent them from flying thus from one extreme of feeling to the other. But the press, as a general thing—especially the daily press—is itself too emotional. It probably thinks its pecuniary interests are served by magnifying every little skirmish into a great victory or a great defeat. The greater the victory, or the defeat, the more papers will be sold. Therefore the big headings and the adjectives abound; and the public mind is heated into enthusiasm, or chilled into despair, in order that our Daily Bouncers may reap a rich harvest of pennies.

Let every man as far as his influence goes, discourage these childish alternations of feeling. We must expect to have defeats as well as victories—and we must learn to take both with equanimity. And our leaders must learn to be prepared for both—to be prepared to follow up the first, and to break the force of the last. These are things that both the people and their leaders require to learn. A victory not closely followed up may amount to very little—a defeat promptly repaired by the bringing up of reserves, may afford very little advantage to the enemy.

But, above all things, let us be composed and resolute and steady. Certainly we live far enough North to manifest the hereditary Northern virtues. Moderation in victory, equanimity and steadiness in defeat, these should be our inheritance on the score of birth alone. They are the spiritual compensations for a soil and a climate that will scarcely allow a race infirm of purpose to live.

DRAFTING.

The Government has satisfactory assurances that there will be as many volunteers tendered as will be needed, without resorting to drafting, and has, therefore, refused to sanction the latter process of raising men. In conformity with the above, the authorities of Iowa have been instructed by the Secretary of War, not to resort to drafting, which they were about to do.

Of course it is preferable that drafting should not be resorted to, if the men come forward rapidly enough as volunteers; but if this is not the case, it seems to us merely weakness to refrain from drafting. The Government must be the judge, however, as to the supply of men. It can have more by drafting; if it does not avail itself of this means, it must not complain of a deficiency in the supply. It may be that volunteering is going forward as rapidly as the men can be armed and clothed—but surely more troops are wanted in the West, if not at Washington. We should think that the 30,000 troops that have been drawn to the Potomac from the West and North-west, had been better left on the Mississippi, even if their place had to be supplied by drafting in the Atlantic states—but of course the administration, seeing the whole field, ought to know best.

Volunteering will raise enough men, we have no doubt,—but drafting would do it quicker. Still, if the real difficulty be in procuring the arms, and the men are raised by volunteering as rapidly as the arms and uniforms can be obtained, that is sufficient.

We think there will be no difficulty in bringing the army up to 500,000 men, and that will be enough. Three hundred thousand will be the limit that the secessionists will be able to keep in the field for any length of time—the extreme limit. But if men are wanted, they should be had. On the administration is the responsibility—especially now, that drafting has been forbidden. There are tens of thousands who will not volunteer, because it is very inconvenient to serve, but who will serve if it is considered necessary. These men say, if they want men, let them draft, and we will go ourselves, or find substitutes—but nothing else than drafting will ever bring them into the field. That is the only thing that will ever convince them that their going is a necessity.

Of course it is much pleasanter to get along without drafting—and we are pleased to hear that the government has satisfactory assurances that it will not be needed. But, unpleasant as drafting is, defeat, or a long, indecisive war, would be more unpleasant.

MISSOURI.

All eyes are now turned towards Missouri. Price, the rebel governor, is at Lexington with, it is said, 20,000 men. McCulloch is marching to join him, it is reported, with as large a number of better soldiers—"23,000 men, from Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Tennessee and Arkansas, well armed, well drilled, and with fine artillery." One account says:—

> "Jackson will fight, and is dismounting the majority of his cavalry—his men being mostly mounted. Their arms are mostly double-barrelled shot-guns, mingled with the old-fashioned rifle. Experience has shown us that at close quarters these shot-guns are very deadly, as they carry very large buckshot, and at a quarter of a mile distance they scatter and take effect. A musket ball will hit one man—seldom more—while one of these will disable half-a-dozen men or more at one fire."

On the Union side we have the force under Gen. Sturgis, north of the Missouri river, said to be 4,000 strong,—that under Gen. Lane to the South-west, and under Col. Davis to the South-east, 11,000 in all—and the force from St. Louis under Fremont, whose number is not mentioned. To add to these are several other detachments, including the force of 1,800 regulars from Utah, who we trust will arrive in time to take part in the contest.

Appearances at last strongly indicate a decisive battle or battles in western Missouri. There need be no further argument about Fremont's capability—a few weeks now will probably decide that matter, and either make or break him. Our forces seem somewhat scattered, but their united numbers must be, we should think, fully equal to the enemy. May God give the victory to the right!

RASCALLY BUT FUNNY.—Some pieces of rascality one can scarcely avoid laughing at. For instance the following advertisement is said to have been published recently:—

> A GREAT BARGAIN.—To all who may inclose $1, I will send, by mail, post-paid, a finely-cut engraved portrait of George Washington, the Father of his Country, together with an elegant portrait of Benjamin Franklin—either separately at four shillings. Address A. B. C., —— street, Boston.

The *Knickerbocker* says that a "victim" informs it that he did inclose the dollar, and "the fellow actually sent back a three-cent and a one-cent *postage-stamp*, ornamented with the 'finely-cut engraved' heads."

THE TROOPS AT WASHINGTON.

Several letters, evidently written by a member of Prince Napoleon's suit, have appeared in a French paper. They are candid and impartial in their tone, and not fuller of mistakes than we might reasonably expect to find them. As their author is said to be a Colonel, and as the French generally are accustomed to looking upon well-disciplined soldiers, it becomes a matter of some interest to see in what light our troops on the Potomac appeared to the writer of this letter, and probably to the Prince himself. One of the letters contains the following passage:

> Cavalry is very scanty. As to field artillery, there is scarcely any to be seen, which proves that the losses in the battle of Bull Run have not yet been repaired. There remains, then, the infantry, encamped in an irregular, but sufficiently comfortable manner. In a former letter I spoke of the volunteer organization, and I need not revert to it. *Their military bearing is very indifferent, owing as much to the fault of the men, who appear to be strangers to the duties of military cleanliness and the keeping of their arms, as to the powerlessness of the Administration, which is far from having completed, in a proper manner, the mode of furnishing clothing, caps and shoes. The instruction of the soldier is very indifferent, almost nothing, and I do not believe they are actively occupied with it.* In general, the appearance of the camps is sad, due as much to their sombre color and bad condition of the materials as to the attitude even of the men, which is heavy, without animation and without cheerfulness.

The above is not very flattering, though we are told in another place, that the Union army is superior in "military organization and knowledge" to that of the rebels. Still, we hope that constant attention is being given to these points. We hope the writer of this letter is mistaken when he says of the instruction of the soldier, "I do not believe they are actively occupied with it." Certainly it is about the principal thing the larger portion of the army of the Potomac have to do just now. If our volunteers were made equal to regulars, it would be equivalent to adding half as many more men to their numbers. Perfection of drill should give us a great advantage over the rebels, because their troops are probably too independent and indolent to submit to the necessary hard work which is required to become well-drilled soldiers. In fact, their deficiency in the matter of uniform alone, will injure their discipline more than a little—so close is the curious connection between dress and behavior.

As to what our French friend says of the dull and sombre appearance of the camps and the men, we are afraid that is owing to our constitutional, anglo-saxon phlegm. In other words, our people are not Frenchmen. Certainly the letters that come home from the camps are by no means deficient in cheerfulness and even vivacity; and that our soldiers will prove by their fighting that their heart is in their work, we have little doubt. Mr. Russell, in a recent letter, bears his testimony to the raw material of our soldiers; and the fighting that has been done—with the single exception of the panic at Manassas—even when unsuccessful, as at Springfield and Lexington, is not to be complained of.

HOW OUR FATHERS DID.

Our revolutionary fathers were strong advocates of a free press—as the Constitution which they formed after the war proved—but still they were practical men in their day and generation, as witness the following:—

> In all the colonies, at the time of the Revolution, there were only thirty-seven newspapers, and of these only seven were devoted to the interests of the British government.—These were soon stifled by public opinion, wherever the Whigs, as the patriots were called, bore rule, while five of the remaining thirty were reduced by gold, or frightened by inuendoes into the support of the crown. Rivingston's Royal Gazette, published in New York, took ground boldly against the Revolutionary movement; and at noonday, late in the autumn of 1775, it was "surprised" by one hundred light horsemen from Connecticut, led by Captain Sears, a distinguished "Son of Liberty" in New York. They destroyed the press and other apparatus, put the type into bags, and without one word of complaint from the people, returned to Connecticut, carrying with them a tory clergyman named Serbury, who had preached against the Whigs and the Continental Congress. The type they cast into bullets. All the people, except the "peace party" of that day, said Amen! After that the newspaper presses ceased to be troublesome to the Whigs, and pamphleteers wrote anonymously.

Such facts as the above may tend to reassure those who fear that our liberties will not emerge unimpaired from the present struggle. After the present great necessity is over, they will find that every writer will be allowed as before to make a fool of himself just as often as he pleases.

The Skirmish at Lewinsville.—A reconnoissance in force was recently made from our lines on the Potomac to Lewinsville. A skirmish took place, in which, according to the official accounts, both sides gained the victory—each repulsing the other, with no loss to itself, and decided loss to its enemy.

As for the rebels, they never are defeated. We question whether they would admit the defeat and death of Gen. Garnet even now. We believe they do admit that Fort Hatteras was taken—but as for Floyd's recent defeat and retreat, it was an example, they say, of "superior generalship." Beauregard's report of the battle of Manassas has never been published yet—it takes a long time to cook up the facts so that they will have the look of a "splendid victory." A proper motto for that report would be Pyrrhus's saying—"Another victory like this, and I am undone."

Mr. Seward's Letter.—The recent letter written by Mr. Seward, relative to Russell, the correspondent of *The Times*, would have been a very good one, if it were not that the game was too small for an American Secretary of State. What is Mr. Russell, that Mr. Seward should have noticed him officially? If the Administration do not like what Mr. Russell writes, let them refuse him passes. If they think him an enemy at heart, let them waste no courtesies upon him.

BRECKINRIDGE.

Mr. J. C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, has always taken the ground, if we are not misinformed, that he owed a paramount allegiance to his native state. Well, Kentucky has declared for the Union by a legislature elected by a popular majority of about five to one—but does John C. Breckinridge submit to that decision, and remain true to Kentucky? By the recent accounts from Louisville, Breckinridge has fled to those whose forces are now menacing his native state with fire and sword—fled in secret, being closely muffled, and concealing himself in the carriage behind the inevitable negro. Has he gone to implore the Confederate traitors to withdraw their forces from Kentucky? such an act would not be very dignified, but still it would be better than rank treason alike to Kentucky and the Union—or has he gone to lend his aid to the invaders? A few weeks will make manifest.

THE EFFECTS OF THE WAR.

The wonderful elasticity of our national character, the manner in which we adapt ourselves to the strangest conditions, as if they were our normal state, has been so often commented on that it is now little more than a trite truism; yet we can hardly help the reiteration of wonder, so strongly does it press upon us with every day's new and strange experiences. Accustomed as we have been for many years to consider national peace the one thing needful for national happiness and prosperity, we have already inured ourselves to look with comparative calmness upon one of the most deadly civil strifes the world has ever known, and from the nettle war to pluck the flowers of many incidental benefits. We not only accept the present state of warfare as the severe but necessary cautery of our national disease, but claim, as its legitimate outgrowths, such great benefits as the awakening of the true and self-sacrificing patriotism that we see evinced on all sides, and the proof that we have given that there are other things we love and reverence more than the Almighty Dollar that foreign nations have made our reproach.

It does indeed seem that, dreadful as war is, there are other things far worse, and that, in spite of the world's progress, there are certain circumstances which necessitate the appeal to the ordeal of battle. If only as an offset to the narrow trading tendency that has grown on us year by year, this war spirit might be looked on as a healthy reaction. As Tennyson sings of his own more trading nation—

"For I trust if an enemy's fleet came yonder, round by the hill,
And the rushing battle-bolt sung from the three-decker out of the foam,
That the smooth-faced, snub-nosed rogue would leap from his counter and till,
And strike, if he could, were it but with his cheating yard-wand, home."

Among the incidental benefits we think we see developing themselves, are the lessons we are receiving of patience and obedience. Patience is almost too hard a word for the American to spell. To "make haste slowly," is a problem he can hardly solve. But such schoolmasters as he has found at Great Bethel, at Manassas, and in various other schools, are advancing his education. In the knowledge and practice of obedience he has been even more behindhand, but the rough academy of the camp is improving him in that branch also. Many a man is learning thus, for the first time in his life, to obey anything beside the inexorable natural laws. We are a nation of insubordinates. Democracy runs rampant in our blood, and ramifies in every fibre of our social system. Leaving the abstract right of equality out of the question, it is well enough to learn that there are cases when the Hibernian axiom that "every man is as good as anybody else and better too," does not and cannot hold good.

We have had a good deal of "spread eagle" remark upon that letter of Russell, of the Times, written from Cairo, in which he carps at General Prentiss for addressing a company of insubordinate volunteers as "gentlemen." Comments on "bloated aristocrats" and "equal rights" have been aired extensively in some quarters. But in that little piece of criticism we think Mr. Russell was in the right. Putting aside the fact of insubordination, soldiers, as soldiers, are no longer "gentlemen." They have temporarily resigned their social rights, and consented voluntarily to become parts of a great machine, the mighty force of which depends upon the instant and unreasoning obedience of each part to the will that directs and guides the whole. They are soldiers—no more, no less—and should be simply addressed by the title of soldiers.

Discipline—Obedience. When these attributes are not mere slavish subservience of the weaker to the stronger, they even mount to a pitch of heroic grandeur. This it was, more than the reckless disregard of life so often called bravery, that has made the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava the great heroic act of modern warfare.

"'Charge!' was the Captain's cry,
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die!"

And in connection with this subject of discipline, we strongly advocate the introduction of the drill into our schools, public or otherwise, not so much for the physical advantages attending the practice of it, though they are great, as for the habit of prompt obedience which it inculcates. Prompt, precise, instant. No chance for hesitation, plea or argument. "Right, wheel." No time for a little fellow to represent that a mud puddle or some bug-a-boo lay to the right, and "Please, wouldn't it do just as well to go round the other way?" "Right, wheel," on the instant. Obedience first, and let consequences take care of themselves.

So it is that we please ourselves with thinking, as we read every report of the excellent discipline to which the army under McClellan's command is being moulded, that the good effects of that discipline may survive the effective use of the army in actual warfare, and perhaps be the starting point of a decided improvement in our national character.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Recreations of a Country Parson. Second Series. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

This writer is a very pleasing essayist: a smooth flowing style and happy choice of words make it easy reading; but we like him chiefly that what he writes comes home to us as the wisdom of every day life. His thoughts are not closet speculations, but live experiences struck out from the sweep of common events over the rough and smooth of the work-day world. And this is apt to be a more effective kind of writing than that which is elaborated in the largest leisure. It is more earnest, and therefore more edifying. Our author sees this with a clearness that brings content in his laborious life. What he says of preaching has an application to all writing.

> I deny that it is better to give the good sermon of another than the middling one by yourself. Depend upon it, if you have those qualifications of head and heart that fit you for being in the church at all, your own sermon, however inferior in literary merit, is the better sermon for you to give and for your congregation to hear; it is the better fitted to accomplish the end of all worthy preaching, which, as you know, is not at all to get your hearers to think how clever a man you are. The simple, unambitious instruction into which you have thrown the teachings of your own little experience, and which you give forth from your own heart, will do a hundred times more good than any amount of ingenuity, brilliancy, or even piety, which you may preach at second-hand, with the feeling that somehow you stand to all this as an outsider. If you wish honestly to do good, preach what you have *felt*, and neither less nor more.

The article, "Concerning Screws," is full of practical wisdom. It begins by explaining the odd heading, "Almost every man is what, if he were a horse, would be called a screw. Almost every man is unsound." We extract the following passages

RELATIVE TO SCREWS.

> Now in like manner, a great part of the mental work that is done, is done by men who mentally are screws. The practical every-day work of life is done, and respectably done, by very silly, weak, prejudiced people. Mr. Carlyle has stated, that the population of Britain consists of "seventeen millions of people, mostly fools." I shall endeavor by-and-by to make some reservation upon the great author's sweeping statement; but here it is enough to remark that even Mr. Carlyle would admit that the very great majority of these seventeen millions get very decently and creditably through the task which God sets them in this world. Let it be admitted that they are not so wise as they should be; yet surely it may be admitted too, that they possess that in heart and head which makes them good enough for the rough and homely wear of life. No doubt they blow and occasionally stumble, they sometimes even bite and kick a little; yet somehow they get the coach along. For it is to be remembered that the essential characteristic of a screw is, that though unsound, it can yet by management be got to go through a great deal of work. The screw is not dead-lame, nor only fit for the knacker; it falls far short of the perfection of a horse, but still it *is* a horse, after all, and it can fulfill in some measure a horse's duty. You see, my friend, the moderation of my view. I do not say that men in general are mad, but only that men in general are screws. There is a little twist in their intellectual or moral nature; there is something wanting or something wrong; they are silly, conceited, egotistical, and the like; yet decently equal to the work of this world. By judicious management you may get a great deal of worthy work out of the unsound minds of other men; and out of your own unsound mind. But always remember that you have an imperfect and warped machine to get on with; do not expect too much of it; and be ready to humor it and yield to it a little. Just as a horse which is lame and broken-winded can yet by care and skill be made to get creditably through a wonderful amount of labor; so may a man, low-spirited, foolish, prejudiced, ill-tempered, soured, and wretched, be enabled to turn off a great deal of work for which the world may be the better. A human being who is really very weak and silly, may write many pages which shall do good to his fellow men, or which shall at the least amuse them. But as you carefully drive an unsound horse, walking him at first starting, not trotting him down hill, making play at parts of the road which suit him; so you must manage many men, or they will break down or bolt out of the path. Above all, so you must manage your own mind, whose weaknesses and wrong impulses you know best, if you would keep it cheerful, and keep it in working order. The showy, unsound horse can go well perhaps, but it must be shod with leather, otherwise it would be dead-lame in a mile. And just in that same fashion we human beings, all more or less of screws mentally and morally, need all kinds of management, on the part of our friends and on our own part, or we should go all wrong. There is something truly fearful when we find that clearest-headed and soberest-hearted of men, the great Bishop Butler, telling us that all his life long he was struggling with horrible morbid suggestions, *devilish* is what he calls them, which, but for being constantly held in check with the sternest effort of his nature, would have driven him mad. Oh, let the uncertain, unsound, unfathomable human heart be wisely and tenderly driven! And as there are things which with the unsound horse you dare not venture on at all, so with the fallen mind. You who know your own horse, know that you dare not trot him hard down hill. And you who know your own mind and heart, know that there are some things of which you dare not think; thoughts on which your only safety is resolutely to turn your back. The management needed *here* is the management of utter avoidance. How often we find poor creatures who have passed through years of anxiety and misery, and experienced savage and deliberate cruelty which it is best to forget, lashing themselves up to wrath and bitterness by brooding over these things, on which wisdom would bid them try to close their eyes for ever.
>
> But not merely do screws daily draw cabs and stage-coaches: screws have won the Derby and the St. Leger. A noble-looking thorough-bred has galloped by the winning-post at Epsom at the rate of forty miles an hour, with a white bandage tightly tied round one of its fore legs: and thus publicly confessing its unsoundness, and testifying to its trainer's fears, it has beaten a score of steeds which were not screws, and borne off from them the blue ribbon of the turf. Yes, my reader: not only will skillful management succeed in making unsound animals do decently the hum-drum and prosaic task-work of the equine world; it will succeed occasionally in making unsound animals do in magnificent style the grandest things that horses ever do at all. Don't you see the analogy I mean to trace? Even so, not merely do Mr. Carlyle's seventeen millions of fools get somehow through the petty work of our modern life, but minds which no man could warrant sound and free from vice, turn off some of the noblest work that ever was done by mortal. Many of the grandest things ever done by human minds, have been done by minds that were incurable screws. Think of the magnificent service done to humankind by James Watt. It is positively impossible to calculate what we all owe to the man that gave us the steam-engine. It is sober truth that the inscription in Westminster Abbey tells, when it speaks of him as among the "best benefactors" of the race. Yet what an unsound organization that great man had! Mentally, what a screw! Through most of his life he suffered the deepest misery from desperate depression of spirits; he was always fancying that his mind was breaking down; he has himself recorded that he often thought of casting off, by suicide, the unendurable burden of life. And still, what work the rickety machine got through! With tearing headaches, with a sunken chest, with the least muscular of limbs, with the most melancholy of temperaments, worried and tormented by piracies of his great inventions, yet doing so much and doing it so nobly, was not James Watt like the lame race-horse that won the Derby? As for Byron, he was unquestionably a very great man; and as a poet, he is in his own school without a rival. Still, he was a screw. There was something morbid and unsound about his entire development. In many respects he was extremely silly. It was extremely silly to take pains to represent that he was morally much worse than he really was. The greatest blockheads I know are distinguished by the same characteristic. Oh, empty-headed Noodle! who have more than once dropped hints in my presence as to the awful baseness of your life, and the unhappy insight which your life has given you into the moral rottenness of society, don't do it again. I always thought you a contemptible fool: but next time I mean to tell you so. Wordsworth was a screw.—Though one of the greatest poets, he was dreadfully twisted by inordinate egotism and vanity; the result partly of original constitution, and partly of living a great deal too much alone in that damp and misty lake country. He was like a spavined horse. Coleridge, again, was a jibber. He never would pull in the team of life. There is something unsound in the mind of the man who fancies that because he is a genius, he need not support his wife and children.

Perhaps the most noticeable feature of these essays is that even balance of the mind and adaptation of practice to theory, which is called common sense, though, in fact, it is not at all common.

The human race are so given to humbug, such is the deplorable fact, that the name of one who is simply a sensible worker, one who sees the thing to be done, and firmly does it, despite all obstacles, will ring from end to end of the world for that cause alone. Such was Florence Nightingale. She was a true woman, a real worker—simply that. It is in contrast with the muddled world of nurses who are always trying "how not to do it," that her life shines out so brightly. So in the affairs of the nation. The defeat of our forces brings about a new rule, which searches out the causes of defeat, and strikes at the root of demoralization and disorder by enforcing stringent regulations to suppress intemperance. Our army, in a malarious season, in a malarious district, apprehends ill health. The General promptly orders that every soldier shall have hot coffee the first thing in the morning. Call these little things if you will, but they are such that people everywhere take heart and say: "We shall conquer yet. Here is a general who sees the necessity of adapting means to ends. This common sense is the best proof of superiority."

But much as we admire and enjoy our author's delightfully sensible way of viewing things we must demur to some particulars. In carrying out his ideas he sometimes runs them into the ground, into falseness—becomes painfully matter of fact. Because of disappointments and limitations to all ideal excellence we are not therefore called upon to discard poetry and accept humdrum as the lot of humanity in this life. "Reverence the dreams of thy youth!" said one of the brightest lights of German literature. Our country parson, having lived over the romance of his youth, contemns the whole as folly and nonsense. Luckily his Parthian shafts of ridicule are sure to fall harmless. Every new comer upon the stage of being receives, in the fulness of time, his kingly right direct from God, to enter the paradise of love; and there enthroned, looks down with serene superiority upon all who have fallen from that celestial height. "All this preposterous idolization of some one who is exactly like anybody else"—such croakings of worldly wisdom are incomprehensible jargon. He knows them to be false. That this absolute selection of one from the myriads of humanity is a divine ordinance, one of the sacred mysteries, is almost proven by the fact that the highest, and purest, and best of the race—those whom we look upon as nearest the counsels of God,—have felt it most strongly. That our author cannot approach this subject without some depreciatory fling is one of the inconsistencies that surprise us in his book. How can a man with such wealth of ideas be so unpoetical? Perhaps there is something especially prosaic in the duties of a country parson. It may be, but we have always fancied life in an English parsonage an unsurpassable ideal—the vocation of all others in which it would be easiest to walk with apostolic nearness in the footsteps of Christ; a path of clearest and highest duty, yet tranquil and flower strewn as man could wish. The lowly dwelling, embosomed in trees and bright with roses, holding as much of the good things of the world as it is safe for man to have, and encircled with its allotted field of labor so ample as to satisfy the most zealous and conscientious servant of the Lord, forms a perfect little world in itself, the ever present thought of Heaven recurring to the spiritual its proper ascendency over the material. Such a point of view one would think favorable to a truthful survey of things in general; and very truthful, in the main, as well as remarkably clever and entertaining, are these "Recreations of a Country Parson."

The House on the Moor. By the author of "Margaret Maitland," "The Days of My Life," "The Laird of Norlan," &c., &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

A new novel by a very popular authoress. Mrs. Oliphant has given many books to the public, and their womanly simplicity, unimpeachable morality, and a certain quietness and purity of tone have made them general favorites. "Zaidee," "The Athelings," and "Sister Anne" are perhaps the most widely known of her writings. In general characteristics, her works greatly resemble those of Miss Muloch, and if the latter has the advantage in strength, Mrs. Oliphant can at least claim a more constantly preserved simplicity and freedom from exaggerated sentiment.

The present novel is not, we think, so happy in the selection of its plot as most of its predecessors. A strain of darkest tragedy, the tragedy of guilt, followed by the tortures of a remorse which is not repentance, darkens the course of the story. The characteristics of the authoress of "The Quiet Heart," and "Sister Anne," are not suitable for tracing the workings of a character such as she imagined in Horace Scarsdale, the villain of the book. He is anomalous—hardly human. But if his dreadful crime and its consequences had been depicted with much greater skill and power, it would be only so much the more objectionable. Poisoning is, in any case, one of the most unfit of themes for the story-teller's art. There can be little good, and there may be great harm, in encouraging morbid fancies to play around the motives and the feasibilities for that worst and easiest mode of murder.

The bright and pleasant passages of "The House on the Moor" are mostly concentred in Susan Scarsdale, and her uncle, Colonel Sutherland. The bright womanliness of the little maiden, which casts a halo of cheerfulness about even her dismal home, and the chivalric gentleness and goodness of the old soldier, are very pleasingly drawn.

As novels no longer come in battalions, but drop by ones and twos from the press, this one will probably run a prosperous course, and receive from many quarters a cordial welcome.

IMPORTANT IF TRUE.

Mississippi City Taken—Communication Between New Orleans and Mobile Cut Off—Movements on the Texan Coast.

Cincinnati, Sept. 27.—A physician of this city, who has just returned from the South, says the blockading squadron have taken Mississippi City, thus cutting off communication between New Orleans and Mobile.

They have also taken all (an?) important points on the Texan coast.

The Thirty-fifth Ohio Regiment took possession of Cynthiana, Kentucky, last night.

The Fourteenth Ohio Regiment crossed the river this morning, and embarked on the Kentucky Central Railroad for the interior of the State.

The Rebels Attempt to Cross at Great Falls—Gen. McCall Repulses Them—Lewinsville Taken by the Federal Troops—Washington, Sept. 30.—This morning the rebels appeared in force on the Virginia side of the Potomac, opposite Great Falls.

A battery of six pieces of artillery was opened on the infantry of General McCall's division.

Reinforcements were immediately sent to our side, when three regiments of infantry came up to the support of the rebel battery.

Gen. McCall's batteries then came up and took position. At once they opened a rapid fire, and with such good effect that the rebels dispersed in every direction.

There was not a single man hurt on our side.

The Federal forces, this morning, took possession of Lewinsville, seven miles beyond the Chain Bridge, on the road towards Leesburg.

The rebels retreated as our men advanced, the only fighting being slight skirmishing, which did no damage.

HALF MEASURES.

There is much in the present war that reminds us of the war between King Charles I and the Parliament of England, two hundred and twenty years ago. One point of resemblance, at least, is well worthy of attention. Macaulay says, in his review of Hallam's Constitutional History, (Ed. Rev., 1828:)

"The Houses, it must be acknowledged, committed great errors in the conduct of the war, or rather one great error, which brought their affairs into a condition requiring the most perilous expedients. The Parliamentary leaders of what may be called the first generation, Essex, Manchester, Northumberland, Hollis, even Pym—all the most eminent men, in short, Hampden excepted, were *inclined to half measures*. They dreaded a decisive victory almost as much as a decisive overthrow. They wished to bring the King into a situation which might render it necessary for him to grant their just and wise demands; but not to subvert the Constitution [Kings, Lords and Commons], or to change the dynasty.—They were afraid of serving the purposes of those fiercer and more determined enemies of monarchy who now began to show themselves in the lower ranks of the party. The war was therefore conducted in a languid and inefficient manner. * * * At the end of three campaigns, the result was still dubious; and that it had not been decidedly unfavorable to the cause of liberty, was principally owing to the skill and energy which the more violent Roundheads had displayed in subordinate situations."

Macaulay's observation on the "half measures" to which the leaders of the Parliamentary party resorted at the beginning, is well worth remembering:

"*If there be any truth established by the universal experience of nations, it is this—that to carry the spirit of peace into war is a weak and cruel policy. The time of negotiation is the time for deliberation and delay. But when an extreme case calls for that remedy which is in its own nature most violent, and which, in such cases, is a remedy only because it is violent, it is idle to think of mitigating and diluting. Languid war can do nothing which negotiation or submission will not do better; and to act on any other principle is not to save blood and money, but to squander them.*"

☞ The example recently set by the Duke of Wurtemberg in marrying Signora Frassini, an opera singer at Hamburg, has been imitated by Prince von Loewenstein Wartleheim, who has just married a Hamburg actress, Miss Amelia Wollrabe.

LATEST NEWS.

Munson's Hill Captured—The Rebel Flag Displaced by the Stars and Stripes.

On Saturday, Gen. Franklin's division at Alexandria sent out a strong foraging party to Edsall's Hill, and as it advanced the rebels retired a mile and a half beyond the hill.—Our men gathered up a great quantity of hay, grain, etc., and returned without being molested.

Munson's Hill has been occupied by the United States troops, as well as Fall's Church and Upton's Hill, the enemy having abandoned the whole line of posts in front of Washington. No fortifications were found at Munson's Hill, no evidences of batteries having been built, and in fact very few military preparations of any consequence. Gen. McDowell is in command of a large body of troops at Munson's Hill.

The advance of Gen. Smith's force on Fall's church was attended by a shocking and fatal error. Col. Owen's Irish regiment, of Philadelphia, in the darkness of the night, mistaking an advance detachment for rebels, fired on three other Philadelphia regiments, consisting of Col. Baxter's Fire Zouaves, Col. Baker's California regiment, and Col. Friedman's cavalry, killing and wounding a large number. Col. Baker's regiment returned the fire with effect. The California regiment is uniformed in rebel gray.

List of Killed and Wounded.—The killed of Captain Mott's battery is Timothy Ray.

Wounded—Corporal Bartlett and private Cilley.

Of Gen. Baker's California regiment the killed were: Edwin Morris, Company L; Joseph Paschall, Company H; Joseph White, Company H; Sergeant Alexander Philison, Company M.

Wounded—Darry Clinton, Company L, slightly in the knee; Sergeant Brands, Company L, wounded in the head; Wm. Ogden, Company N, also in the head; Timothy Gregory, Company D, shot in the leg; R. Smith, Company L, Harry Warren, Company N, Z. W. Martin, Company P, Martin Glenning, Company L, Luke Lutebin, and Atwood Morris, both of Company L.

In Col. Baxter's Fire Zouaves none were killed, but the following named were wounded: Sergeant Gray, Company D, shot in the head; Benjamin Floyd, Company D, shot in the head; Lieut. Shreeves, shot in the legs and head; Geo. Hargreaves, Company E, shot in the leg. None of these wounds will probably prove fatal.

John Dorale, company I, First Pennsylvania Dragoons, was mortally wounded.

In Col. Owen's Philadelphia regiment, Sergeant Gillan, company B, was killed, and Sergeants W. B. McCann and Charles Shields, of company E, were wounded.

Burial of the Dead.—The killed were all buried to-day, near their encampments, with military honors, while the wounded were removed to the hospitals, in Georgetown principally, where they are receiving the best attention.

Wanton Destruction of Dwellings.—The conduct of the Union troops to-day, while occupying the grounds recently vacated by the rebels, resulted in the burning of property to the amount of from $30,000 to $40,000, including houses with their contents, but which were untenanted. These wanton acts will doubtless undergo investigation by the military authorities, as they were strongly condemned by Gen. McClellan, who went over to the Virginia side to-day at an early hour, visiting the various localities recently vacated by the rebels.

Prospect of a General Engagement.—At 10 o'clock General McClellan, staff and escort, returned from Munson's Hill, which, together with Upton's and Mason's Hills, are occupied by a large force of our troops, under command of Gen. McDowell. These hills, together with all of the rebel entrenchments in front of our works or Arlington Heights, are abandoned and in possession of the Union troops. The enemy has retired from these works about four miles back.

General McClellan and staff reconnoitered these works on Saturday afternoon in person. This abandonment is received as a challenge to battle, and has been accepted. Hence the Union possession of them. We shall now see whether the vaunting of the rebels is an earnest or a sham.

The Rebel Batteries on the Potomac.—An officer detailed to observe the condition of affairs along the Potomac, returned to-day, and report that, with the exception of the battery recently unmasked by the rebels at Freestone Point, he could discover none in addition to those known to have existed several weeks ago. There is, however, information at headquarters, that the enemy are erecting a number of batteries along the river; but their operations are probably concealed by the thick woods along the banks so as not to be discoverable from the river until they are ready to unmask them.

Information has also been received that the rebels are pushing large forces towards the ferries in the neighborhood of Poolesville, and also down the river, towards Acquia Creek.

The sudden activity of their movements, and the extent of the forces thus thrown forward, indicate an attempt to effect a crossing of the Potomac immediately. These movements are closely watched, and preparations to meet them are promptly made.

During yesterday, the recently unmasked rebel battery at Freestone Point fired a number of shots, evidently with a view to ascertain the range of the guns. One shell from a rifled cannon is said to have been thrown entirely across the river, upon the Maryland shore—a distance of four miles.

A levy en masse has been ordered in Kansas, all being ordered to enrol, arm, and hold themselves in readiness to march at any moment.

By the arrival at New York of the U. S. gunboat Connecticut, from Fort Pickens, we have news that the privateer Judith had been cut out from under the rebel guns at the Pensacola Navy Yard, by a boat expedition from U. S. ship Colorado, and was then fired and burned. The expedition lost three men killed and fifteen wounded.

We have news from the Pacific, by the pony express and telegraph. The vote for Governor, nearly complete, stands, Republican, 54,027; Union Democrat, 28,983; Breckinridge Democrat, 31,216; total Union majority, 51,774.

☞ Short and Sweet.—General McClellan made this little speech to the Federal army on the 10th September:—"Soldiers—We have had our last retreat. We have seen our last defeat. You stand by me, and I will stand by you, and henceforth victory will crown our efforts." This may be put in tolerable rhyme as follows:

We have had our last defeat;
We have seen our last retreat;
Stand by me, and I'll stand by you,
And 'twixt us both we'll put 'em through!

☞ Shoe Pegs.—The shoe peg is said to have been invented by Joseph Walker, of Hopkinton, Massachusetts, about the year 1818.

THE NORSEMAN.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

A swarthy strength, with face of light,
As dark sword iron is beaten bright;
A brave frank look, with health a-glow,
Bonny blue eyes and open brow;
His friend he welcomes heart-in-hand,
But foot to foot his foe must stand;
A man who'll face to his last breath
The sternest facts of life and death:
This is the daring Norseman.

The wild wave-motion, weird and strange,
Rocks in him: seaward he must range.
For life is just a mighty lust
To wear away with use, not rust.
Though bitter wintry cold the storm,
The fire within him keeps him warm.
Kings quiver at his flag unfurled:
The sea-king's master of the world:
Conquering comes the Norseman.

He hides, at heart of his rough life,
A world of sweetness for the wife;
From his rude breast a babe may press
Soft milk of human tenderness,
Make his eyes water, his heart dance,
And sunrise in his countenance:
In merry mood his ale he quaffs
By firelight, and his jolly heart laughs:
The blithe great-hearted Norseman.

But when the battle-trumpet rings,
His soul's a war-horse clad with wings!
He drinks delight in with the breath
Of battle and the dust of death!
The axes redden, spring the sparks,
Blood-radiant grow the grey mail-sarks:
Such blows might batter, as they fell,
Heaven's gates, or burst the booms of hell;
So fights the fearless Norseman.

The Norseman's King must stand up tall;
A head that could be seen o'er all;
Mainmast of Battle! when the plain
Grew miry red with bloody rain;
And grip his weapon for the fight,
Until his knuckles all grow white!
Their banner-staff he bears is best
If double handful for the rest,
When "follow me" cries the Norseman.

Valiant and true, as Sagas tell,
The Norseman hated lies like hell;
Hardy from cradle to the grave,
'Twas their religion to be brave:
Great silent fighting men whose words
Were few, soon said, and out with swords!
One, saw his heart cut from his side,
Living—and smiled; and smiling, died!
The unconquerable Norseman.

They swam the flood, they strode the flame,
Nor quailed when the Valkyrie came
To kiss the chosen for her charms,
With "Rest, my hero, in mine arms."
Their spirits through a grim wide wound,
The Norse doorway to Heaven found,
And borne upon the battle-blast,
Into the Hall of Heroes passed:
And there was crowned the Norseman.

The Norseman wrestled with old Rome
For freedom in our island home:
He taught us how to ride the sea,
With hempen bridle, horse of tree.
His spirit stood with Robin Hood,
By Freedom in the merry green wood,
When William ruled the English land,
With cruel heart and bloody hand,
For freedom fights the Norseman.

Still in our race the Norse king reigns,
His best blood beats along our veins;
With his old glory we can glow,
And surely steam where he could row.
Is danger stirring? Up from sleep
Our war-dog wakes, his watch to keep;
Stands with our banner over him,
True as of old, and stern and grim;
Come on, you'll find the Norseman.

When swords are gleaming you shall see
The Norseman's face flash gloriously,
With look that makes the foeman reel:
His mirror from of old was steel.
And still he wields in battle's hour,
That old Thor's hammer of Norse power;
Strikes with a desperate arm of might,
And at the last tug turns the fight:
For never yields the Norseman.

WINGS SOME DAY.

Passengers on board one of the ferry boats that are constantly plying between the opposite shores of the Mersey, may occasionally see, on warm bright days, a poor crippled boy, whose limbs, withered and helpless, are still those of a child.

He wheels himself about on a small carriage, similar to that the boys use in play, and while the little boat threads its way among the ships of all nations that are anchored in the river, he adds not a little to the pleasure of the sail, by playing on his "Concertina," airs that show no mean degree of musical skill. The few pennies that he always receives, but does not ask for, are never grudgingly bestowed, and are given no more in pay for the music, than for the simple honesty that shines in the boy's blue eyes.

One so helpless, it would seem, could only be a burden to those who loved him—could certainly do nothing towards fulfilling the command—"Bear ye one another's burdens;" was it so? Was there no service of love for the lame boy? No work for him in the vineyard? The question was answered one day.

"Walter," said a gentleman who had often met him, "how is it when you cannot walk, that your shoes get worn out?"

A blush came over the boy's pale face, but after hesitating a moment, he said—

"My mother has younger children, sir, and while she is out washing, I amuse them by creeping about on the floor, and playing with them."

"Poor boy!" said a lady standing near, not loud enough, as she thought, to be overheard, "what a life to lead! what has he in all the future to look forward to?"

The tear started in his eye, and the bright smile that chased it away, showed that he did hear her. As she passed by him to step on shore, he said in a low voice, but with a sad smile that went to her heart—

"I'm looking forward to having wings, some day, lady!"

Happy Walter! Poor, crippled, and dependent on charity, yet doing in his measure the Master's will, patiently waiting for the future, he shall, by and by, "mount up with wings as eagles; shall run and not be weary; shall walk and not faint."

THE ORIGIN OF MARSEILLES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF EDMOND ABOUT.

Some thousands of years ago, a Greek vessel, tempest-tossed by the south winds, took refuge in the most beautiful harbor of Provence. The captain, young and smiling as the gods of his own country, claimed the hospitality of the Gallic chieftain who reigned along the coast.

"Sup with us," replied the long-bearded man; "to-morrow I marry my daughter, Marseille, and to-night, after the banquet, she will make her choice among the candidates for her hand." The Greek and his marines were present at the feast. The young Gauls declared the ardor of their love by emptying the jugs, swearing in their own patois, and striking the table with their fists. The Greek knew but little of the language of the country, but his eyes spoke a language which makes itself understood throughout the earth. When the light of the torches began to pale before the light of day, the young Marseille arose, took a cup of generous wine sprinkled with rose leaves, and walked slowly around the table to make her choice. She passed disdainfully by the young chiefs, who turned toward her stroking their red moustaches, and stopped before the stranger, who was no longer looking at her. She touched him on the shoulder and offered him the cup, turning away her face, rosier than summer clouds at sunset. The Gauls trembled with jealous anger, but the Greek heeded them not. He took the cup with his left hand, resting his right on the hilt of his sword. The same day he married the chieftain's daughter, and he never returned to the Ionian shores where his mother awaited him at her spinning-wheel. The arts of Greece flourished gloriously around him; and the spot on which he built a house for his bride is still called the town of Marseille.

"WHAT CAN I DO?"

I. If you are in a condition to leave home—that is, if the care of a family or estate do not make your presence positively imperative, if you cannot serve your country better where you are than in the field—enlist. It is a duty, a privilege, an honor.

II. If you cannot go yourself, send your money. Show your confidence in your country and in the cause, by investing of your capital, so far as is consistent, in United States Bonds or Treasury Notes. Every hoarded or hitherto unused dollar should be thus appropriated. You will then have, if possible, a deeper interest in the success of the Federal arms.

III. If you cannot go or send, give to the Government your sympathy. Do not grumble. *If you are* thrown out of business, bear it. Said a man of our acquaintance living in a factory village, who has a large family to support, "Last year my income was nearly eight hundred dollars; this it will probably not exceed three. But if we cannot have wheat upon the table we will have rye; if we cannot have rye we will have corn; if we cannot have corn enough, we will have *half* enough—only by the 1st of next April let the Flag of the Free float upon every fortress and hill-top from the St. Johns to the Rio Grande!"

IV. Remember, too, Gen. Scott is a man—McClellan is a man—Lincoln and his advisers are men. All are liable to err and fail. Over all, omnipotent, is God. Seek to know what policy would be most pleasing in the sight of heaven—nearest right. Dare to advocate its adoption, and then intercede for its success. Then our country shall be saved!—*Independent.*

MODERN ARMS.—In glancing over the war-history of the present century, he must be indeed a stoic who does not sigh over the enormous sacrifice of life which the statistics of the historians disclose. In the battles of the First Napoleon, from the conflict at Marengo, in June, 1800, to the closing fight at Waterloo in the same month of 1815, over eight hundred thousand vigorous men were "expended;" and during the eleven weeks' campaign of Napoleon III., in Italy, at least one hundred thousand were killed and wounded. Of course, the short, vigorous campaign of the nephew was infinitely less disastrous than the protracted warfare of the uncle. Rifled cannon and Minie rifles, little as they look like it, are merciful weapons. They plough the way to peace. Shut up in his all but impregnable shell at Sebastopol, the Russian long defied them, but in field contests they are irresistible. When the entire war history of the present century shall come to be written, it will probably be found by those who come after us that *all* its great battles were decided by *superior arms.*

"WHY, HE CAN'T."—When Blondin's agent appeared before the Directors of the Crystal Palace, to "negotiate an engagement," one cautious member of that body ventured to remark, in a sense adverse to the engagement—

"But suppose he were to fall?"

"Do what?" asked the agent, to whom the remark was especially addressed.

"Fall," repeated the director.

"Fall!" re-echoed the agent, with a most natural air of surprise, "where from?"

"Where from?" reiterated the other, "why from the rope."

"Blondin fall from the rope!" said the agent, with a calm solemnity, "why, *he can't!*" and that being the case, the terms of engagement were duly concluded.

☞ The Bishop of Durham has been alarmingly ill with internal gout. The Record calls on all who are interested in "*vital godliness,*" to pray earnestly for him!

AMUSING.

In the autobiography of "John Angell James," just published in England, there is an amusing glimpse afforded of a pious match. Our hero found himself at twenty with a church and a small pittance, but without a home. In this emergency, Providence, he piously tells us, "chose better for me than I should have chosen for myself;" and he considers that he was directed from above to choose a plain woman, older than himself, but with position, money, and the home he wanted; "I had been one day most earnestly praying for Divine direction in this important step, and during prayer Frances Smith occurred with such force to my mind, that I considered it an indication of Providence that my attention should be directed to her." Without such interposition he implies that he might have overlooked her high qualities in favor of more open attractions; for, he tells us, "this dear, eminent woman had few personal charms;" "she had little sprightliness or vivacity;" "her demeanor was grave, but by no means gloomy." Such early prudence of choice gave great satisfaction to his congregation, and to all parties except the lady's friends, and the marriage proved a very happy one during the ten years it lasted. He may well exhort young ministers by his example against "hasty, ill-formed matches," and against marrying "a frivolous, weak, *moneyless,* thriftless woman."

Three years after the death of this lady we have the account of his second marriage, and his first experience served so prudent a man as a precedent in his next choice, for here again he does not appear to have chosen by mere dictate of feeling: "By God's good Providence I was directed to one in every way worthy to be the successor of my first wife, and this is saying much. The widow of Mr. Benjamin Neale, of St. Paul's churchyard, had been sought by many, but she was reserved for me. * * * * * His widow was left without family, and in the possession of property (subject to some charitable bequests, which she liberally carried out) to the amount of £30,000. * * * * Possessed of a masculine understanding, great public spirit, equal liberality, and eminently prudent, she was well fitted for the station into which Providence now brought her. She had her failings; but they were very light and small compared with her many and eminent virtues."

The South Carolina Gentleman.

AIR.—*The Fine Old English Gentleman.*

Down in a small Palmetto State the curious ones may find,
A ripping, tearing gentleman of an uncommon kind,
A staggering, swaggering sort of chap who takes his whiskey straight,
And frequently condemns his eyes to that ultimate vengeance which a clergyman of high standing has assured us must be a sinner's fate.
This South Carolina gentleman, one of the present time.

You trace his genealogy and not far back you'll see
A most undoubted octoroon or mayhap a mustee,
And if you note the shaggy locks that cluster on his brow,
You'll find that every other hair is varied with a kink that seldom denotes pure Caucasian blood, but on the contrary betrays an admixture with a race not particularly popular now.
This South Carolina gentleman, one of the present time.

He always wears a full-dress coat, pre-Adamite in cut,
With waistcoat of the loudest style through which his ruffles jut,
Six breast-pins deck his horrid front, and on his fingers shine
Whole invoices of diamond rings which would hardly pass muster with the Original Jacobs in Chatham Street for jewels genuine.
This South Carolina gentleman, one of the present time.

He chews tobacco by the pound and spits upon the floor,
If there is not a box of sand behind the nearest door,
And when he takes his weekly spree he clears a mighty track,
Of everything that bears the shape of whiskey-skin, gin and sugar, brandy sour, peach and honey, irrepressible cock-tail rum, and gum, and luscious apple-jack.
This South Carolina gentleman, one of the present time.

He takes to euchre kindly, too, and plays an awful hand,
Especially when those he tricks his style don't understand,
And if he wins, why then he stoops to pocket all the stakes,
But if he loses, then he says to the unfortunate stranger who has chanced to win: "It's my opinion you are a cursed abolitionist and if you don't leave South Carolina in one hour you will be hung like a dog." But no offer to pay his loss he makes.
This South Carolina gentleman one of the present time.

Of course he's all the time in debt to those who credit give,
Yet manages upon the best the market yields to live,
But if a Northern creditor asks him his bill to heed,
This honorable gentleman instantly draws two bowie-knives and a pistol, dons a blue cockade, and declares that in consequence of the repeated aggressions of the North and its gross violations of the Constitution, he feels that it would utterly degrade him to pay any debt whatever, and that in fact he has at last determined to SECEDE.
This South Carolina gentleman, one of the present time.

☞ A medical journal tells of a man who lived five years with a ball in his head. We have known ladies to live twice as long with nothing but balls in their heads.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

The famous Dr. Miller, in a lecture on the above interesting subjects, recently delivered in Birmingham, England, defines falling in love in two methods, which he calls proper and improper:—

Falling into love proper was falling into love when one could not help it; in other words, love at first sight. Love improper was defined as the case of man who looked about for a wife because he wanted one; and the lecturer pointed out the distinction between the man who wants to marry because he has fallen in love, and another who falls in love because he wants to marry. From whatever motive marriage was contracted it was a most serious step. There was an old saying, and a true one withal, that no man was thoroughly ruined unless he were badly married. As regards fitness for the marriage relation, the lecturer believed that a woman who was wise enough to understand "Butler's Analogy," and housewife enough to cook an apple dumpling, was fit to become a wife. The doctor was of opinion that there was not much need for young folks to wait until they get comparatively rich, before they married, but contended that they would be improved by having a few difficulties to contend with now, and in the outset of life. As for the "great obedience" question, he rested on the philosophy contained in the following quaint epitaph, placed many years ago over the graves of a husband and wife, who had lived a long and happy life on a system of mutual obedience:—

"They two were so one that none could truly say
Which ruled, or whether did obey;
He ruled because she would obey,
And she in so obeying ruled as well as he."

THE THOUSAND-FOLD DEATH BOMB.—Mr. Thomas Henry Spencer, of Cincinnati, has invented a fearful death-dealing bomb. It consists of one large shell, including any number of smaller shells, these latter again containing explosive bullets, &c. The shells are separate, not concentric. The fuse will burn under water, and Mr. Spencer believes that he can blow up the Great Eastern whenever she needs it, though he has great respect for that ship, and hopes he will not be called on to make the experiment. We have talked with those who have seen the outer shell explode, followed by eleven shells within it, and Mr. Spencer guarantees that *none of them can fail to explode.* Out of *three hundred* experiments, *not one* failed. The inner shells, as we hinted, may each contain an explosive bullet; in fact, the seven wives going to St. Ives, each with seven sacks, &c., were like this terrible *death-dealer,* except in *purpose.* The *fuse he asserts to be entirely new,* and the only one that can be depended on; being a new chemical compound of Mr. Spencer's invention. He has long been a chemist and pyrotechnist, and has devoted much attention to this subject for *fourteen years.*

RULES FOR HANDLING GUNS.—1. When the gun is not charged, always put the hammer down upon the nipple. It relieves the main spring, and preserves its strength.

2. When you load, bring the hammer to half cock, charge the gun, and let the putting on of the cap be the last operation. Press it down lightly with your fingers, and not by carrying the hammer down with it.

3. Never cock the gun until the moment before firing.

4. In all cases, whether alone or in company, while hunting, keep the gun at half cock, and never, on any account, put the hammer down upon the cap.

5. It is better, on setting the gun aside, first to discharge it; but if you will or must leave it loaded, be sure to leave it at half cock, and with the cap plainly to be seen. If then it should be accidentally thrown down, it cannot be discharged.

A GOLDEN GUN.—When lately visiting the Tower, and looking at the guns, &c., beneath the shade of the "keep," I was shown a great gun, which the wardens informed me and the other visitors was made of gold and other precious metal. I was also informed that the Jews had offered £20,000 for it, while twelve inches had been cut off, sent to Birmingham, and when melted was found to be worth £8,000. I may as well state that inscriptions on the gun tell us that it was "founded by Muhamed, son of Hamzet Allah;" that it was "made by the order of Sultan Solyman, son of Selim, for an invasion of India, in the year of the Hegira, 937" (A. D., 1530); and that it was "taken at the capture of Aden, January, 1839, by the expedition under command of Captain H. Smith, C. B., of H. M. ship 'Voyager.'"—*Notes and Queries.*

A LARGE ARMY.—The largest army ever collected was that with which Xerxes, the King of Persia, invaded Greece in the year 580, before Christ. It is estimated to have numbered 2,500,000 soldiers, with as many more camp followers, making the whole host 5,000,000 human beings. They conquered Athens, but only a small remnant of the army ever returned to Persia. On his way to Greece Xerxes took twelve young girls of the country through which he was marching, and, from the promptings of some barbarian superstition, buried them all alive. "The whole expedition," says Abbott, "was the most gigantic crime against the rights and interests of mankind that human wickedness has ever been permitted to perpetrate."

SILVER MIRRORS.—A correspondent in Germany says:—"I had the pleasure, a few days since, of seeing my face reflected in some of the silver mirrors invented by Liebig, in which silver is substituted for quicksilver. They throw out such a splendid, clear light, that you see yourself from the further end of the room with as much distinctness as if you were standing close, and when one is newly hung up against the wall, it seems like an additional window."

☞ RUSSIA'S BEST STEPPES.—The steps it has lately taken to assure the United States Government of its sympathy and support.

"THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT," OF JEWISH ORIGIN.

From the London Congregational Magazine.

Very few are at all aware of the original form of this nursery legend, or the particular subject it was designed to illustrate. And fewer still would suspect that it was only an accommodated and altered translation of an ancient parabolical hymn, sung by the Jews, at the feast of the passover, and commemorative of the principal events in the history of that people. Yet such is the fact.

The original is in the Chaldean language. We here furnish a literal translation of it, and add the interpretation, as given by P. N. Lebrecht, Leipsic, 1731:—

A kid, a kid my father bought,
For two pieces of money;
A kid, a kid.

Then came the cat, and ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

Then came the dog that bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

Then came the staff, and beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

Then came the fire, and burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

Then came the water, and quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

Then came the ox, and drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

Then came the butcher and slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

Then came the angel of death and killed the butcher,
That slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

Then came the Holy one, blessed be He,
That killed the angel of death,
That killed the butcher,
That slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

The following is the interpretation:—

1. The kid, which was one of the poor animals, denotes the Hebrews. The father by whom it was purchased, Jehovah, who is represented as sustaining this relation to the Hebrew nation. The two pieces of money signify Moses and Aaron, through whose mediation the Hebrews were brought out of Egypt.

2. The cat denotes Assyrians, by whom the Ten Tribes were carried into captivity.

3. The dog is symbolical of the Babylonians.

4. The staff signifies the Persians.

5. The fire indicates the Grecian Empire under Alexander the Great.

6. The water betokens the Romans, or the fourth of the great monarchies to whom the Jews were subjected.

7. The ox is a symbol of the Saracens, who subdued Palestine, and brought it under the caliphate.

8. The butcher that killed the ox denotes the crusaders, by whom the Holy Land was wrested out of the hands of the Saracens.

9. The angel of death signifies the Turkish power, by which the land of Palestine was taken from the Franks, and to which it is still subject.

10. The commencement of the tenth stanza is intended to show that God will take signal vengeance on the Turks, immediately after whose overthrow the Jews are to be restored to their own land, and live under the government of their long expected Messiah.

☞ It is thought a dangerous thing to board a man of war, but we have known, says Prentice, fifty soldiers, each a man of war, boarded by a single landlord—but he was a host.

TESTS OF CHARACTER.

A great many admirable actions are overlooked by us, because they are so little and common. Take, for instance, the mother who has had but broken slumber, if any at all, with the nursing babe, whose wants must not be disregarded; she would fain sleep awhile when the breakfast hour comes, but patiently and uncomplainingly she takes her seat at the table. Though exhausted and weary, she serves all with a refreshing cup of coffee or tea before she sips it herself, and often the cup is handed back to her to be refilled before she has had time to taste her own. Do you hear her complain—this weary mother—that her breakfast is cold before she has time to eat it? And this not for one, but for every morning, perhaps, through the year. Do you call this a small thing? Try it, and see. Oh, how does woman shame us by her forbearance and fortitude in what are called little things! Ah, it is these little things which are the tests of character; it is by these "little" self denials, borne with such self-forgetting gentleness, that the humblest home is made beautiful to the eyes of angels, though we fail to see it, alas! until the chair is vacant, and the hand which kept in motion all this domestic machinery is powerless and cold!

HOW "SHODDY" IS MADE.—Woollen rags are worth $5 and $10 per ton, for making cloth. Fine black scraps are worth $100 and $150 per ton. The shoddy manufacturer passes them through a rag machine, which tears the rags to wool, and cleans them of dust. When reduced to soft wool, the shoddy is saturated with oil or milk, and mixed with new wool, in as large a proportion as possible. White shoddy is used in blankets and light-colored goods, and the dark descriptions for coarse kinds of cloths, carpets, etc. The "shoddy" is the product of soft woollens, but hard or black cloths, when treated in a similar manner, produce "mungo," which is used extensively in superfine cloths, which have a finish that may deceive a good judge. It is used largely in felted fabrics. Shoddy in the cloth of a coat will soon rub out of the cloth, and accumulate between it and the lining. In New York there are six "shoddy" mills, most of them on the North River.

☞ An anecdote of John G. Whittier is told by the Boston Transcript, as follows:—"On a recent occasion he was travelling with a friend over a New Hampshire railroad, and during the conversation Mr. Whittier's friend, who is also a member of the Society of Friends, told the poet that he was on his way to contract for a lot of oak timber, which he knew would be used in building the gun-boats at Portsmouth, and asked him whether he thought it was exactly in consistence with the peace doctrines of the Quaker denomination. Without saying anything calculated to decide the question, the two arrived at their parting place, when Mr. Whittier, shaking his friend's hand, said:—'Moses, if thee *does* furnish any of that oak timber thee spoke of, *be sure that it is all sound.*'"

CRINOLINE.—The large tub hoop made its appearance in the reign of Queen Anne. The apology was its coolness in summer by admitting a free circulation of air. Grainer says, "It was no more a petticoat than Diogenes's tub was his breeches." Swift says, in one of his letters to a friend in Ireland, "Have you got the *whalebone* petticoat among you yet? I hate them; a woman may here conceal a moderate gallant under them." Henry IV., of France, it is well known, was saved from assassination by hiding himself under his Queen's (Margaret of Valois') hoop. "Everything, however preposterous," remarks Mr. James Bruce, "may be made useful."

GREAT TRUTH IN A SMALL PARAGRAPH.—One secret of the practical failure in after life of so many promising young persons is, I apprehend, that they did not learn that a man's capacity and success in the world is estimated, not by what he can do, but by what he does do. The opposite heresy is, I am sorry to believe, early imbibed in most of our seminaries of learning. How the youth of genius, real or supposed, is worshipped by his associates, and too often by society also, while the more diligent plodder is left in neglect to "work out his own salvation," as he almost infallibly does!

THE ISLE OF MAN.—The Isle of Man derived its singular name from a famous chief who once ruled and possessed the island. The name of this personage was Mannanan-Beg-Mac-y-Sheirr; and the island was consequently called the Isle of Mannanan-Beg-Mac-y-Sheirr. But this name being beyond the pronouncing capacity of mankind in general, it was gradually reduced to its present diminutive form; another proof of the tendency of human nature to fly from one extreme to its opposite.

A FAULT OF THE AGE.—The world is becoming a great deal too fond of what you call excitement and success. Of course it is a good thing for a man to make money by his profession, and a very hard thing when he can't do it," added Mrs. Furnival, thinking of the old days. "But if success in life means rampaging about, and never knowing what it is to sit quiet over his own fireside, I for one would as soon manage to do without it."—*Orley Farm.*

SPICY WIT.—We overheard rather a good one last night at the Museum. Two gentlemen were looking at some suits of ancient armor.

"For all it is so strong," said one, "it was sometimes clove down by the battle-axe."

"Yes," replied the other, quietly, "war has altered—formerly men were *clove* down, now they are *peppered.*"

☞ Women should set good example, for the men are always following after the women.

NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

I.

Nothing but leaves. The spirit grieves
Over a wasted life—
Sins committed while conscience slept;
Promises made, but never kept;
Hatred, battle and strife;
Nothing but leaves.

II.

Nothing but leaves; no garnered sheaves
Of life's fair, ripened grain;
Words, idle words, for earnest deeds;
We sow our seeds—lo! tares and weeds;
We reap with toil and pain,
Nothing but leaves.

III.

Nothing but leaves. Memory weaves
No veil to screen the past;
As we retrace our weary way,
Counting each lost and misspent day,
We find, sadly at last,
Nothing but leaves.

IV.

And shall we meet the Master so,
Bearing our withered leaves?
The Saviour looks for perfect fruit—
We stand before Him, humbled, mute,
Waiting the words he breathes—
"Nothing but leaves!"

THE MYSTERY;

OR,

The Recollections of Anne Hereford.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS," "DANESBURY HOUSE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXXII.

CONCLUSION.

It appeared, by what was gathered afterwards, that when Mrs. Penn—or Charlotte Delves, whichever you please to call her—stole out in the early morning, she did not find Mr. Edwin Barley: he had gone abroad, shooting, a sport he had not much favored since he had been in the neighborhood of Chandos. Surprised at this, for she thought he would be after very different game, she inquired of his man servant respecting the note Lizzy was to have delivered the previous evening, and then learnt that, instead of *her* note, the girl had given in some foolish circular of the fashions. The man said he was positive of it, for his master opened it instantly while he remained in the room, and threw it aside with a "pish," telling him, the servant, to "take that nonsense away." Upon hearing this, Mrs. Penn (breathing no doubt a few blessings upon Lizzy,) sat down and wrote another note, which she desired should be given to Mr. Edwin Barley the instant he entered. But, as it happened, he did not enter, until just as Mrs. Penn was being escorted to his house by the officers. Mr. Edwin Barley turned round the corner of the road, his gun in one hand and a brace of pheasants in the other, when the vision of Charlotte Delves, marching between two policemen, a truck of luggage following, propelled by a man in the Chandos livery, met his astounded sight.

"What is the meaning of this? what are you doing with that lady?" he demanded, in a menacing manner, of the two policemen.

"We have orders, sir, to see the lady safely away from Chandos."

"Who gave you those orders?"

"Mr. Chandos."

"I will make Mr. Chandos eat his orders before the day's out," uttered Mr. Edwin Barley, in his passion.

"Don't know anything about that, sir," said one of the policemen. "The lady has not been behaving on the square, and we thought at first she would be given into custody. But Mr. Chandos considered it over; and said, as she had been able to effect no great harm, he'd let her go."

Charlotte looked at him. "I'll explain later," said she.

The group arrived at Mr. Edwin Barley's door. The latter, Charlotte Delves, and the luggage went into it, while the officers returned to Chandos in search of their horses.

"What's the meaning of all this?" began Mr. Edwin Barley to her, as they entered the room where breakfast was laid.

"It means that I am discovered. But let that pass. Have you—"

"Stop a bit," he interrupted, with authority. "How did it come about? Through Anne Hereford? Did she find you out?"

"I cannot tell. Mr. Chandos had those men in, and they searched my boxes. But he must have made the discovery previously, for of course the discovery led to the search. He told me that I was a spy, your agent, that my name was Charlotte Delves, not Mrs. Penn, that I had entered the house by means of a false character; in short, he appears to know all, even about my stopping him and startling his horse that night."

Mr. Edwin Barley gave vent to a few ugly words.

"I wrote a note to you yesterday evening. I fear you did not get it."

"I had no note from you," returned Mr. Edwin Barley.

"And it was of such consequence! I was coming round, but Mrs. Chandos stopped me: so then I entrusted it to one of the housemaids, who must have lost it, for Jenkins says what she left with him was a circular of the fashions."

"Some folly of the sort was brought in to me. What were the contents of the note?"

"The same that this contains," she answered, catching up the one she had written that morning. "You have been searching for years after George Heneage. The last few weeks, since I have been at Chandos, we have been straining every nerve to obtain information as to his abiding place: what should you say, if I tell you that he has been, all that time, within our reach—within a few yards of us?"

Mr. Edwin Barley's face twitched with emotion.

"WHAT do you say?" he asked.

"I have spoken to you of the mysteries of that west wing. I could not fathom them; but all is clear now. *He* has been concealed there."

"No!" uttered Mr. Edwin Barley.

"He is there yet. My note last night was to apprise you of this. Anne Hereford penetrated there yesterday for some purpose of her own, and saw him. She told me of the man she had seen—'an emaciated being, bearing a striking resemblance to Mr. Chandos.' There's no mistaking the description: it is George, and they have had him in hiding. What shall you do?"

Mr. Edwin Barley laughed a savage laugh.

"Do! Now that he is within my clutches! Let me get my breakfast."

"And then you will proceed to the police station."

"Wrong," said Mr. Barley. "The first thing I shall proceed to the house, and have it out with Mr. Harry Chandos. Then for the police."

"Have what out with him?"

"This ejection of you."

"No," said Charlotte Delves, impressively. "Better let well alone. He might hand me over to the mercies of the law: he has his hold upon me."

Mr. Edwin Barley made no reply, but busied himself with his breakfast. When his head was set upon a thing, it was not Charlotte Delves, or anybody else, that could turn him.

Thus it happened that soon after the melancholy news from India had efficiently circulated from one end of the house to the other, Mr. Edwin Barley arrived at it. It was Hickens who answered the summons at the door.

"Can I see Lady Chandos?" he imperatively demanded. Though why he should have inquired for her was best known to himself.

"My lady cannot be seen, sir," replied Hickens. "Sir Harry is within." For, take you notice, that the well-trained servants in these aristocratic families, never fail to accord the inheritor the title the instant that it lapses to him.

"Who did you say is within?" cried Mr. Edwin Barley, pricking up his ears.

"Sir Harry Chandos."

"*Sir* Harry!" repeated Mr. Edwin Barley. "What do you mean by calling him that?"

"I call him nothing but what's right, sir. He is Sir Harry, unfortunately: that is, unfortunately for poor Sir Thomas. News came this morning, sir, that he had been killed in battle."

"Bad news, that. He was the best of the lot. But Mr. Harry Chandos does not take the title, my man."

"Oh, dear, yes, sir. He is now Sir Harry Chandos."

"I tell you no," returned Mr. Barley, with a scornful smile. "It is not he who comes into the title; he is no more Sir Harry Chandos than I am."

"Did you want him, sir?" inquired Hickens, declining to pursue the controversy.

"I do. I would have preferred to see my lady."

"Quite out of the question, sir," replied Hickens, shaking his head, as he conducted Mr. Edwin Barley to the state drawing-room.

Sir Harry went to him. He was standing before one of the windows, his thumbs in the button-holes of his waistcoat. He wheeled round when Sir Harry entered.

"Good morning, Mr. Chandos. You have been treating a lady most shamefully. As she is a connection of mine, I must demand an explanation. I allude to Mrs. Penn," Mr. Edwin Barley continued. "She was engaged by Lady Chandos, engaged as a lady, and you have turned her out like a menial."

Sir Harry stared at the man; he could scarcely believe his own ears.

"I am astounded," he uttered, "astounded at your cool impudence. You are not welcome in this house, Mr. Edwin Barley, and I cannot conceive how you dared to come."

"The explanation, sir. Fine words will not help you to shuffle out of it."

"You will obtain no explanation from me; you can apply to Charlotte Delves for that. I am disgusted at the treachery of the whole affair, and will not condescend to meddle further with it."

"Treachery!" echoed Mr. Edwin Barley, a suppressed laugh upon his face.

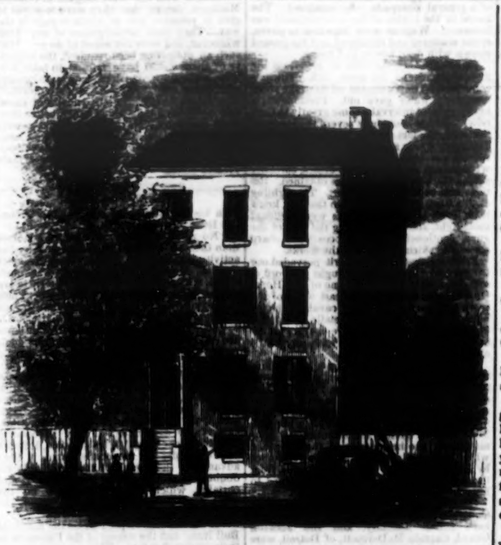
"Treachery; on your part and on hers. Foul, despicable treachery. But it has not availed you."

"I want the explanation," doggedly returned Mr. Edwin Barley.

"Very well," said Sir Harry, speaking with decision, "as you insist, you shall have it. But not from me. I was willing to overlook the affair—no damage, as I say, being done, and it being altogether a dirty affair to soil one's hands with—but as you are pressing, you can receive the explanation from the police. To enable them to afford it, however, it will be necessary that I prefer my charge against Charlotte Delves, alias Penn, and give her in charge."

"In charge!" foamed Mr. Edwin Barley, who was turning yellow. "You have no pretext."

"I'll find the pretext," returned Sir Harry. "Entering houses by means of a false character, and the rifling desks of money and letters, are two offences sharply cognizable by law. It is the only way in which you can get from me the explanation you desire; the police will gladly take the lady and her offences in charge. I believe I disappointed them this morning, by not giving them the job."



HOUSE OF DETENTION IN WASHINGTON

FOR WOMEN UNDER ARREST FOR TREASON.

The house which the Federal authorities have assigned for the females, whose active complicity with the rebels has compelled the Government to place them under restraint, is pleasantly situated at the corner of K and 16th streets, Washington. It was the residence of Mrs. Greenhow, but it is now her prison, since she is considered as one of the most malignant of Secessionists. In addition to its once fair hostess, there are Mrs. Phillips, whose husband is the gentleman alluded to by Mr. Russell of the London Times, as sorting letters in the Washington City Post Office to send to his Secession friends—her daughters, Fanny and Caroline, Mrs. Hetsel, widow of the late Captain Hetsel of the U. S. A., Mrs. Hosler, and two others whose names are not given. With his usual gallantry, Mr. Lincoln has merely deprived them of their visitors, correspondence, and all egress to their friends. We have no reason for believing the report that they have been deprived of their looking glasses. The extent to which females have been used by the rebels is almost incredible—indeed, it would seem as though the Southern Conspirators had sought to degrade the *sanctity* of the sex by converting them into spies, *intriguantes* and traitors.

"The police will soon be called upon to take charge of a worse offence than those trifles," cried Mr. Edwin Barley, savagely, whose temper was betraying him into an avowal that he would cautiously have concealed at a calmer moment. "A criminal, under ban of the law for a dark crime, is not a hundred miles off."

"You allude to my brother, Mr. Edwin Barley."

The words took Mr. Barley by surprise. Was it possible that Harry Chandos should acknowledge the proximity of his brother? He began to fear that the latter had made his escape again; he clenched his hands, and a dreadful expression of baffled rage arose to his face.

"He shan't elude me; no, I swear he shan't. I have waited for years—for years, Harry Chandos, to catch him upon English ground. That he is on it now, I know. I know that you have had him here in hiding; in the west wing. He may have escaped again, but he cannot have got far, and I'll set every telegraph to work; I'll set all the police in motion, but what I'll have him caught. The worst criminal ever let loose upon earth, is George Chandos. In an hour's time from this, you shall find your house filled with policemen, searching its every nook and corner."

"Where will be the use of that, if—as you appear to assume—he has made his escape from it?" calmly asked Sir Harry.

"They'll let you know the use," retorted Mr. Edwin Barley.

"I think—to save you and the police useless trouble—you had better pay a personal visit to my brother," said Sir Harry. "You have rightly said that he has been in hiding in the west wing; he is there still."

"Your brother!—George?" uttered Mr. Edwin Barley, perfectly confounded at the avowal, and suspecting some trick.

"My brother George," was the quiet answer. "Did you think I was speaking of Sir Thomas? He, poor fellow, is no longer in existence."

"And your servant would have made out to me that it is you who succeeded to the title! I told him better," sneered Mr. Edwin Barley.

"I do succeed to it—more's the pity. I wish Thomas had lived to bear it to a green old age."

"Let me advise you not to assume too much, Harry Chandos, or it may chance that you will render yourself the laughing-stock of the civilized world. George Chandos is a fugitive criminal, and the title must remain in abeyance, *you*, at anyrate, can possess no claim to it; he would inherit before you, though he has committed murder."

"This is waste of time," rejoined Sir Harry. "Will you pay a visit to the west wing?"

"For what purpose? You are fooling me!"

"I told you the purpose. To see my brother, George."

Sir Harry crossed the hall to ascend the stairs. Mr. Edwin Barley slowly followed him, doubt in his step, defiance in his face. That he was thoroughly perplexed, is saying little; it is probable he feared some plot, some ambush. All these particulars I learnt later. Stay, though; I ought not to have said he *feared* some plot; but, that he suspected some. Mr. Edwin Barley feared nothing on the face of the earth; in those few days that I spent at his house, years ago, I heard him once say that he feared neither man nor devil.

Sir Harry tapped at the door of the west wing, and it was answered by Hill. Seeing a stranger, she would have barred it again, but Sir Harry put her aside with calm authority, and entered one of the rooms. On the bed, laid out in his shroud, sleeping the peaceful sleep of death, was the emaciated form of George Heneage Chandos.

Mr. Edwin Barley stood and gazed upon him; and the perspiration broke out on his forehead.

"By heaven! he has escaped me!"

"He has escaped all the foes of this world," answered Sir Harry, lowly and reverently. "You perceive now, Mr. Edwin Barley, that were you to bring the whole police force of the county here, they would only have the trouble of going back again for their pains. He is at rest from persecution, and we are at rest from suspense and anxiety."

"It has destroyed my life's aim," uttered Mr. Edwin Barley.

"And, with it, your thirst for revenge. When a man pursues another with the malignant hatred that you have him, it is not often that that hatred is allowed to be gratified."

"He did commit the murder."

"I have no doubt he did. And he has paid for it: the banned life which he has been obliged to lead has been punishment in full. But was *that* the motive of your pursuing him?"

Sir Harry spoke pointedly, and fixed his eyes on the face of Mr. Edwin Barley: the latter never lifted his gaze from the corpse. Sir Harry continued in a low tone.

"Of other crime he was innocent. He did not injure you; there may have been some folly; there was no sin. You have been unreasonably vindictive."

"As things have turned out, the game is yours, Sir Harry," said Mr. Edwin Barley, who was too much a man of the world to persist in denying him the title, now that he found it was beyond dispute his. "For my actions I am accountable to none; and were the time to come over again, I should do as I have done."

"Has your wife's will ever been found?" abruptly demanded Sir Harry.

The yellow face of Mr. Edwin Barley turned of a green shade.

"What is that to you?" he asked, with equal abruptness.

"Little, indeed. And I should not have mentioned it, but that I would call to your mind the fact that there are others in the world as capable of error, not to say crime, as was poor George Chandos."

"Do you cast a reflection upon me?" fiercely cried Mr. Edwin Barley.

"You may take it to yourself or not, just as you please. It was a paltry sum to run a risk for, whoever was guilty of the abstraction; and no blessing ever yet attended one who robbed the orphan."

"You would wish me to make a merit of generosity, and give your protege, Miss Anne Hereford, a present of the money," sneered Mr. Edwin Barley.

"By no means," hastily replied Sir Harry. "Miss Hereford's future position in life will preclude her feeling the want of it. No: I mentioned it from a motive of my own, as I told you: I hold my opinion upon the point, strongly."

Mr. Edwin Barley turned to leave the room: he was getting the worst of it. Sir Harry followed him down the stairs.

"You will consider the point as to whether I shall give Charlotte Delves into custody," Sir Harry said to him: "it shall be as you please.—Hickens,"—for at that moment the butler was crossing the hall—"show Mr. Edwin Barley to the door."

And Mr. Edwin Barley passed out at the door, vouchsafing no farewell greeting. He was a baffled man; baffled in all ways; and he was feeling it keenly. His hold over Chandos was gone; as completely vanished as though it had never been.

Dull, gloomy, sombre was the house that day; its shutters closed (those windows which possessed shutters), its blinds down. All ostensibly for Sir Thomas Chandos: the servants and the neighborhood knew not that there was another gone, to be mourned for. For *him* no outward signs of sorrow would have been observed; no blinds drawn, no token displayed that one of the Chandoses had passed away. I was sitting in the dim oak parlor when Madame de Mellissie entered it; she met Sir Harry quitting it.

"Why do you put yourself continually in his way?" she exclaimed, in a passionate, abrupt tone.

"Did you speak to me?" I asked, really doubting if she did.

"To whom else should I speak? How dare you presume to entangle Sir Harry Chandos?"

"I do not understand you, Madame de Mellissie. I have never yet striven to entangle any one."

"You have; you know you have," she said, giving the reins to her temper. "I am aware how it has gone on during my absence; you have been with him continually, thrusting yourself into his presence: I can see it. And now he is as eager for it as you are. Is it fitting that you, a dependent governess, should cast your covetous eye upon a Chandos?"

My heart was beginning to beat. What was I to say or do under the attack? Oh, where was Harry to defend me?

"Why did you leave me here?" I said.

"Leave you here! Because it suited my convenience. But I left you here as a dependent, a servant; I did not expect you to put yourself on a level with my brother, or to make yourself his associate. Neither would you have done it, had you not been lost to all sense of—"

"Stay, Madame de Mellissie. I beg you to reflect a little before you reproach me. To any one but you I would not stoop to defend myself. You say I have thrust myself into your brother's way—"

"So you have," she interrupted. "Can you deny that you have been forever with him?"

"We have been together very much indeed."

"And you can sit there, with your face of brass, and avow it to me!"

"I avow it because it is the truth. My conscience is clear, Madame de Mellissie; I can charge myself with nothing wrong; not an action, not a movement unbecoming a lady. You accuse me of being much with your brother, and I say that it is correct; but where was the help for it?"

"The help!" she disdainfully echoed.

"Yes, the help. This, the oak parlor, was the general sitting room: no other was shown to me for my use; was it my fault that Mr. Chandos *also made it his?*"

"I don't care," she intemperately rejoined. "I say that had you not been lost to all sense of decency, you would have kept yourself from his notice."

I compressed my lips: my temper was getting up also. Surely the reproach cast on me was undeserved; I had *not* purposely thrown myself into the way of Mr. Chandos.

"To me, there appears to be an understanding between you," she went on. "It will bring you no good, Anne Hereford.—When gentlemen of high family stoop to familiarity with girls beneath them, we all know what it is done for, and what is too often the result. You will do well to remove yourself out of my brother's house this day. In fact I shall insist upon it."

"To whom are you speaking, Emily, in that extraordinary tone?" demanded a voice behind us.

And we both turned to behold Sir Harry Chandos.

"I am speaking to Anne Hereford," she boldly answered. "Giving her a summary warning of ejection from the house. You and she have been together rather too long!"

"You might have moderated your words, had you known to whom you were offering a gratuitous insult," he calmly said. "Shall I inform you?"

She turned quickly to him, as if unable to comprehend his meaning.

"You are dealing in riddles," she observed. "I spoke to Anne Hereford."

"Yes. To the future Lady Chandos."

The crimson color flushed into her beautiful face.

"Sir Harry!" she haughtily ejaculated.

"Therefore I must insist that you treat Miss Hereford with all due courtesy, otherwise it may be expedient that somebody else leave the house, instead of her," he quietly said. "She has promised to be my wife, Emily."

"Are you mad, Harry?"

"Perfectly sane, I hope."

"It cannot be your intention to marry *her!* How can you think, so to degrade yourself?"

"Degrade myself!" he repeated, looking full at his sister.

"Degradation to its very depth. Who is she? A governess; a—"

"Don't go on, Emily: you labor under a misapprehension if you deem her beneath me. She is my equal in every way, and yours also. Her father and ours—though she does not know it—were friends in early life. He was Colonel Thomas Hereford: and the daughter of Colonel Hereford is surely no unequal match for a Chandos."

"I shall go and acquaint mamma," she cried, the angry flush not yet faded from her features.

"Mamma knows it already," said Sir Harry. "And is ready and willing to welcome Anne as her future daughter-in-law."

"Was your father Colonel Hereford?" she asked me, after a pause.

"I thought you had known that he was, Madame de Mellissie."

"Then what took you out as governess? You were educated for one, too?"

"Because he died poor; and not sufficient provision was left for me. My mother thought—"

"Who was your mother?—of what family?" she interrupted.

"She was a Carew."

"And the sister," interposed Sir Harry, "of Mrs. Edwin Barley."

"No!" uttered Madame de Mellissie, in evident astonishment.

"She was. On the score of family, you see, Emily, your objections must disperse themselves."

She made no answer, but suddenly wheeled round, and quitted the room.

Gliding into it, like a ghost, almost immediately on Emily's departure, came Mrs. Chandos. I fancy she had expected to find my lady there. A moment's hesitation and she approached Sir Harry.

"So! The Indian mail has brought ill news, I hear," she said, "and you are at length Sir Harry Chandos. Who would have ever thought that your turn would come, to inherit!"

"Strange changes take place," was his reply.

"Possibly you will be marrying now?"

"In a very short time."

The faint pink on her delicate cheeks deepened to crimson. Could it be that she, in the last few hours, had suffered hopes to arise?—surely not. And yet—poor thing!—her intellect was not quite as ours is.

"Have you fixed on your wife?" she resumed, drawing a deep breath.

"This young lady will be my wife," he answerpd, drawing me forward, and holding me by his side.

She looked at us alternately, her cheeks' color varying.

"I thought Lady Chandos was here," she presently said.

"Not yet. She is in the west wing."

"Oh, I am afraid to go there now! I never saw anybody dead. I was almost afraid to come down the stairs alone; and now I am afraid to go up again."

"Do you wish to go?" asked Sir Harry.

"Yes. I wish to go back to my rooms."

"Allow me, to take care of you thither," said Sir Harry, holding out his arm. And they left together.

I had a fire in my bed-room that night, and went up to bed early, leaving Lady Chandos, Sir Harry, and Mr. Lake in the oak parlor. The latter had been away all day; but came back at eight o'clock. Over this fire, mine, a bright, blazing, beautiful fire, as befitted a dull house, I sat late; reading, musing, half dreaming. The clock struck twelve, and still I sat on.

For half an hour, or so. Then I rose and stretched myself, and slipped off my slippers for a moment, for they were burning hot with the fire, and burnt my feet: "If I am to have any sleep to-night," I said to myself, "I had better undress."

I wondered what sort of a night it was. There had been indications of snow in the evening, and I drew the heavy window curtain back, to take a view outside. "No fear of seeing a ghost now," I too boastfully uttered.

I thought I should have fainted: I nearly dropped on the floor with startled alarm. There was no ghost, it is true; but, emerging from the avenue to open space, advancing at a snail's pace, as if it cared not to alarm sleepers with its echoes, advancing, as it seemed, upon me, came a great black, dismal thing, savoring of the dead. A hearse: a hearse without its plumes, driven by a man in a long black cloak.

For a moment I believed it was a phantom. I rubbed my eyes, and looked, and rubbed again, doubting what spectral vision was obscuring them. But no, it was too real, too palpable. On it came, and halted before the entrance door.

I sat down to hold my beating heart: sure never were enacted night alarms like those I had encountered at Chandos! And, while I sat, muffled sounds, as of measured footsteps bearing a burden, smote upon my ear from the corridor.

I listened till they had passed my door, and then silently drew it an inch open. Do not attribute it to unjustifiable curiosity: I declare that I was impelled to it by fear. I felt perfectly sick with fright, with superstitious dread: and the truth, of what it all really meant, never crossed my brain for a moment.

They had gained the head of the stairs and were stopping there, apparently hesitating how best to get down. Four of them, and they bore a coffin on their shoulders covered with black cloth: Sir Harry Chandos, Mr. Lake, Hickens, and the working man with the two-foot rule whom I had seen in the morning. So! that was it! the unhappy George Chandos was being removed from the house in secret.

I could not see, for the hearse was right underneath my window, but I heard the sounds as they put in the coffin, after they had got it safely down. And then the great black thing turned and drove away again with its covert steps, one who looked like Mr. Lake seated by the coachman, and the workman departing on foot. I heard his whistle as he strode down the avenue: it was the same tune as that in the morning. And I heard Sir Harry and Hickens come in and bar the door. I crept, shivering, into bed: time I did.

"Were you disturbed in the night?" Sir Harry asked me in the morning.

"I was not gone to bed," I murmured.

"Then you heard—perhaps saw?"

"Both."

"It was obliged to be done: it would not have suited for the funeral to take place from Chandos; the place round about would have been up in arms. He is taken to Lake's, poor fellow! and will be buried from thence on Saturday."

"But is not Mr. Lake's residence at a distance?"

Sir Harry nodded.

"It would be conveyed by rail. That hearse was only going as far as the station."

"Do you attend the funeral?"

"Certainly. What are you thinking of, Anne? It will have no mourners but myself and Lake."

Madame de Mellissie was cordial that morning. She actually shook hands with me when she came in to breakfast.

"We shall make very good sisters, I dare say, Anne," she cried, her blue eye laughing and her bright face beaming, "and I shall inflict my presence upon you at Chandos as often as I like: I warn you of that beforehand. I always did like you when we were at school; but you see I did not know who you were; and, for Harry to marry beneath his rank, would have been to me as gall and wormwood. I can pardon your having been a governess, but I never could have pardoned Harry had you been of obscure birth."

"Do not be uneasy. My father was a soldier and a gentleman, and the Carews were always a proud race."

"I have heard of the Carews," she nodded. "And now, where shall you reside until the wedding? That must be the next consideration. It would be out of all precedent, you know, to remain here, under the same roof with Harry. The world *would* talk."

The idea had never struck me: indeed, I had not given a glance to plans and ways and means. I looked up in consternation.

"Have you no relatives?" she continued.

"None in the world."

Poor Mrs. Hemson, my last remaining one, had been dead two years.

"Then what on earth shall you do?"

"Do not trouble yourselves for nothing," spoke Sir Harry, from his seat at a distance. "It is all arranged. My mother requires a change before settling herself with Ethel at Heneage Grange, and has decided to pass a few months at the sea side. She takes Anne with her."

"And you?" asked Emily. "For I think I'll go to the sea side too."

"Oh, I remain at Chandos. The house requires altering and embellishing, and I must stay to superintend it. It has been a gloomy house long enough, but I hope it will be cheerful in future. We have been glad to keep workmen out of it, but things are altered now."

Two visitors came that morning to Chandos. Mr. Dexter was one—though it may not be right to style him a visitor; and he did not stay five minutes. The purport of his call was to acquaint Sir Harry that Mr. Edwin Barley had quitted the house and shut it up: sending in a notice that he should resign it at a twelvemonth's end, as the lease empowered him to do.

"Left, has he?" cried Sir Harry.

"Gone clean away, bag and baggage, Sir Harry. And the furniture—it was only hired, you may remember—is to be removed out of it to-morrow. A pretty good sign he never means to come back again. A strange whim, to be red-hot for a place, and take it, and then not stop in it."

"Joy go with him, Dexter," cried Sir Harry.

The other visitor was Monsieur Alfred de Mellissie—looking very ill. Of course, he had come after his wife. A somewhat stormy interview ensued between them: but she spoke like one accustomed to have things her own way, and he appeared rather meek beside her. He had arrived with the view of taking her back to France: she vowed and protested that she was not going home yet awhile—that all the steamers plying between the two countries should not drag her; her mamma was about to spend some time at Brighton or Scarborough, or some one of the watering places, and it was arranged that she and Anne Hereford and Ethel should accompany her: and accompany her she *would*.

I wondered whether Emily meant this in earnest: but it proved she did. A day or two's sojourn, and then M. de Mellissie went home without her. He inquired when she would follow. She could not say, was her answer, but she should be sure to stop for Harry's marriage.

Very early on the following Saturday morning, before any of us were up, Sir Harry Chandos went away by the train, and late at night he returned. He was dressed in the deepest mourning, and we knew he had been following the remains of George to their last home.

On the Monday we quitted Chandos.

The winter and the early spring had passed, and it was a brilliant day, bordering upon summer, when I saw Chandos again. I was in Harry's carriage then, Lady Chandos. For a whole month I had been his dear wife, and now we were nearing our happy home. I saw it as we rounded the avenue; I saw its gay, light appearance, so different from its former gloom; I saw the servants, with their glad faces of greeting, assembled to welcome us. The tears rained over my face, and Harry turned to me.

"My darling, what is grieving you?"

"Joy, I think. There is a promise of so much happiness that I cannot realize it; cannot believe in it. My past life has been all loneliness, I may say, all sorrow; can you wonder, Harry, that I doubt the blessings now in store?"

"Anne," he gravely said, "I thought you, of all people, had faith in God."

"Entire faith."

"And who, but He, has sent these blessings? We have neither of us been happy.—You have worked, and I have suffered; but I believe we neither of us lost our trust in God. Let us trust Him still."

"For ever and for ever," I murmured, as he clasped me to him. "God be praised for His great and many blessings!"

[THE END.]

☞ BEES.—The Baron of Berlepsch has had colonies in his apiary which increased eleven pounds in weight in one day. Mr. Keder, of Mayence, had one which increased twenty-one pounds, and the Rev. Mr. Stein, of the same place, one which increased twenty-eight pounds a day.—*Bee Journal.*

THE SIEGE OF LEXINGTON.

THE SURRENDER OF COL. MULLIGAN—PARTICULARS OF THE FIGHT.

On Sunday, Sept. 1st, the Irish Brigade, Col. James A. Mulligan, who were then in a partially entrenched camp at Jefferson City, were ordered to proceed to Lexington, Lafayette county, one hundred and sixty miles up the river, to reinforce the troops at that place, under Col. Peabody, consisting of several hundred Home Guards, a few Kansas troops, and a portion of the Missouri 8th Regiment, Col. White, with 700 of the 1st Regiment Illinois cavalry, Col. T. M. Marshall. These latter had preceded Col. Mulligan's force one week in their advance from Jefferson City.

Col. Mulligan's arrival with the Irish Brigade swelled the force at Lexington to about 3,500 men, Col. Mulligan taking the command as senior officer. The brigade reached Lexington on Monday, Sept. 9th, and found the attack by the enemy, under Gen. Price, imminently threatening. No time was lost in the work of entrenching their position, chosen about midway between the new and old towns of Lexington, which are about a mile apart, connected by a scattering settlement. Midway stands a solid brick edifice, built for a college, and about this a small breastwork had already been begun.

By Col. Mulligan's orders this was extended, and the troops set about the construction of an earthwork ten feet in height, with a ditch eight feet in width, enclosing a large area capable of containing a force of 10,000 men. The army train, consisting of numerous mule teams, six mules to a team, was brought within this. The supply of entrenching tools being inadequate, a thorough search was made through both towns, and every description of suitable or available implements appropriated. The work was pushed with great vigor, the heavy muscle of the brigade telling well as the brave fellows toiled in the trenches. This went on for three days, or until Thursday, the 12th, at which time the portion of the works assigned to the Irish brigade was well advanced, that of the Home Guard being still weak on the west or New Lexington side.

Of Lexington, it should be said in advance that it has been considered a most important point by the confederate forces, and their preparations for its capture and occupancy abundantly declare this. Among other proofs that it was a coveted prize, was the fact that Claib Jackson and his legislature had been in session there as late as only the week previous to the arrival of Col. Mulligan, holding their session in the court house, whence Claib fulminated a proclamation counter to that of Gen Fremont. When this worthy body prudently retired before the Union troops, they did so in such haste that eight hundred thousand dollars in gold coin, and the state seals left in the vaults of the bank, fell into the hands of Col. Peabody.

The college building, within the fortification, became Col. Mulligan's headquarters.—The magazine and treasure were stored in the cellar and suitably protected. The hospital of our troops was located just outside the entrenchments, in a northwesterly direction.—The river at that point is about half a mile wide, and about half a mile distant from the fortifications. The bluff there is high and abrupt, the steamboat landing being at New Lexington.

After these several days of anxious watching and unremitting toil by the little force, on the afternoon of Thursday, the 12th inst., scouts and advanced pickets driven in reported the near approach of the rebels. At this time Col. Mulligan had a portion of his small artillery in readiness. We had only six brass pieces and two howitzers, but having no shell, the latter were useless. Two pieces belonged to the Kansas City company, and were worked by them splendidly. The cavalry company had only their side arms and pistols, and having no carbines or rifles, could do nothing at long range.

Several mines were laid in front of our entrenchments by our men.

The attack on Thursday, the 12th, was led by General Rains in person, with a battery of nine pieces of artillery on the angle least prepared to resist the assault. The enemy were repulsed with heavy loss. In the fight companies I, Captain Fitzgerald, K, Captain John Quirk, and G, Captain Phillips, did gallant service.

As stated, the hospital had been located on the bank below the new town, and contained about twenty-four patients. The attacking party did not spare or respect this building. They were met by the Montgomery Guards, Capt. Gleeson, who made a brave resistance, but were driven back, with the loss of 25 of their men killed and wounded. Capt. Gleeson was shot through the jaw and badly wounded. The gallant Montgomery made many of the Texans bite the dust. This fight was very fierce. Some of the sick were actually bayoneted or sabred in their cots. Rev. Father Butler, an esteemed Catholic clergyman of this city, and the chaplain of the Irish brigade, was wounded in the forehead by a ball which passed across it, laying open the skin. He was taken prisoner, as was also Dr. Winer, surgeon of the brigade, thus depriving the regiment of the valuable services of both, during the dark and trying days that followed, preceding the surrender.

The issue of the 12th warned the enemy that they had a task before them which was no easy one, and they commenced on Friday morning a new system of approaches. They scoured the whole region for its staple, hemp in bales. These were thoroughly wetted, as a safeguard against red-hot shot, and then skillfully used to mask the batteries of the rebels, and rolled forward as they made their advance.

The fight went on thus for several days, the enemy bringing more of their artillery into action. Following the skirmish of Thursday, Mulligan ordered a portion of the old town on the east to be burned to prevent the rebels from gaining therefrom the advantage of shelter. Meanwhile the little garrison, already worn by labor on the entrenchments, began to look eagerly for the coming of reinforcements.

On the 10th, Col. Mulligan had sent Lieut. Rains, of company K, of the brigade, with a squad of twelve men on the steamer Sunshine, to Jefferson City, 160 miles distant, pressing the necessity for reinforcements. Fifty miles below the Sunshine was captured, and Rains and his men brought back to New Lexington and lodged as prisoners in the old fair ground. Other messengers were sent off to guard against the failure of any one.

The enemy were in sufficient force to throw out parties to intercept the Federal troops en route for the relief of Col. Mulligan. Thus, a detachment 5,000 strong met and turned back 1,500 Iowa troops from Richmond, sixteen miles from the river, they retreating, it is reported, to St. Joseph. Our informant says heavy cannonading was heard at a distance, several times by them in various directions from Lexington, which they understood to be encounters between the enemy and these relief parties.

The situation of the Union troops grew more desperate as day after day passed. Within their lines were picketed about the wagons and trains a large number of horses and mules, nearly three thousand in all, now a serious cause of care and anxiety, for as shot and shell plunged among them, many of the animals were killed and wounded, and from the struggles of these latter the danger of a general stampede was imminent. The havoc in the centre of the entrenchment was immense. Wagons were knocked to pieces, stores scattered and destroyed, and the ground strewn with dead horses and mules.

On Wednesday, the 17th, an evil, from the first apprehended, fell upon Col. Mulligan's command. They were cut off from the river, and their water gave out. Fortunately, a heavy rain, at intervals, came greatly to their relief. But to show how severe the straits of the men, the fact may be stated of instances occurring where soldiers held their blankets spread out until thoroughly wet, and then wrung them into their camp dishes, carefully saving the priceless fluid thus obtained. Rations also began to grow short. The fighting at this time, from the 18th to the 21st, knew little cessation. The nights were brilliant moonlight, and all night long the roar of the guns continued, with an occasional sharp sortie and skirmish without the works.

From the first but one spirit pervaded our troops, and that was no thought or word of surrender, except among some of the Home Guards, who had done the least share of the work and the fighting. The cavalry behaved nobly, and could the full details be written up, some of their sharp, brave charges on the enemy's guns would shine with any battle exploits on record.

Gen. Price sent Col. Mulligan a summons to surrender, to which the gallant commander sent a refusal, saying, "If you want us you must take us." But the defection and disheartenment of the Home Guards intensified daily, and on Friday, the 21st, while Col. Mulligan was giving his attention to some matters in another portion of the camp, the white flag was raised at his own instance by Major Becker of the Home Guards, from the portion of the entrenchment assigned to him.

Capt. Simpson, of the Earl Rifles, called Colonel Mulligan's attention to Major Becker's action instantly, and the Jackson Guard, Captain McDermott, of Detroit, were sent to take down that flag, which was done. The heaviest part of the fight of the day followed in a charge upon the nearest battery of the enemy, the Illinois cavalry suffering severely.

The Home Guards then left the outer work and retreated within the line of the inner entrenchments, about the college building, refusing to fight longer, and here again raised the white flag, this time from the centre of the fortifications, when the fire of the enemy slackened and ceased. Under this state of affairs Col. Mulligan, calling his officers into council, decided to capitulate, and Capt. McDermott went out to the enemy's lines with a handkerchief tied to a ramrod, and a parley took place. Major Moore of the brigade, was sent to Gen. Price's headquarters, at New Lexington, to know the terms of capitulation. These were made unconditional, the officers to be retained as prisoners of war, the men to be allowed to depart with their personal property, surrendering their arms and accoutrements.

Reluctantly this was acceded to, and the surrender took place. At 4 P. M. on Saturday the Federal forces having laid down their arms, were marched out of the entrenchments to the tune of "Dixie," played by the rebel bands. They left behind them their arms and accoutrements, reserving only their clothing. The boys of the brigade, many of them, wept to leave behind their colors, each company in the brigade having it own standard, presented to it by their friends. At the surrender the muster rolls of the companies were taken to Gen. Price's headquarters, the list of officers made out, and these ordered to report themselves as prisoners of war.

The scenes at the capitulation were extraordinary. Col. Mulligan shed tears. The men threw themselves upon the ground, raved and stormed in well nigh frenzy, demanding to be led out again, and "finish the thing." In Col. Marshall's cavalry regiment the feeling was equally great. Much havoc had already been done among their horses during the siege, and but little more than half of them remained. Numbers of the privates actually shot their horses dead on the spot, unwilling that their companions in the campaign should now fall into the enemy's hands.

The privates, numbering some 1,500 strong, were first made to take the oath not to serve against the confederate states, when they were put across the river, and in charge of Gen. Rains marched on Saturday night to Richmond, 16 miles, whence on Sunday they marched to Hamilton, a station on the Hannibal and St. Joseph railroad, where they were declared free to go where they pleased.

While on this march they experienced generous and humane treatment, both from General Rains and from the residents along the route; such is the statement of several of our men. Gen. Rains ordered an entire flock of sheep to be given to them, and there was no time lost in apportionment or appropriation. The inhabitants also liberally gave them provisions. Wagons were provided for those unable to walk, either from wounds or fatigue, and the whole party thus came through with extraordinary expedition.

Word was sent to Gen. Prentiss, at Quincy, and means of transportation provided by which the men were brought down to Quincy, where they arrived on Monday. There were with the force only eight women, Col. Mulligan and several of his officers having left their wives at Jefferson City.

The prisoners will be taken to Springfield and held for exchange, rank for rank. Claib. Jackson came into Lexington on Saturday, it is reported, bringing his travelling legislature with him.

We have thus hastily thrown together the main features of the protracted defence of Lexington, without detail, and almost without touching upon the question of loss. That of the enemy is variously estimated at from 1,000 to 2,000 killed and wounded, and on the side of the Union troops from 300 to 500. Of our men 140 were left in the hospital at Lexington. A full list of killed and wounded must be awaited.

Col. Mulligan was wounded on the last day of the fight by a ball through the calf of the leg, and a flesh wound on the right arm from a grape shot. Col. Marshall is wounded, a ball having struck him in the chest, inflicting a serious wound. Among the lamented dead is Col. White, of St. Louis, of the Missouri Eighth, a gallant officer, who did his duty nobly, and was mortally wounded in the last day's fight.

The incidents of the eventful week so sadly terminated would fill a volume if written out. In one charge on the enemy's battery our boys captured a flag which one of our informants assures us will be brought to this city.

The inhabitants of Quincy turned out in generous style to receive and refresh the worn and weary soldiers. An immense store of provisions awaited their arrival at that city, and no word or token of welcome and sympathy was lacking.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Missouri Democrat says:—The loss on the rebel side and Mulligan's loss, at Lexington, are both greatly exaggerated. Not over 150 were lost on Mulligan's side, nor more than 300 on the rebels' side. Mulligan was forced to give up for want of water and reinforcements. He had no vinegar, as reported in the Republican.

Corporal Murphy, who was one of the men connected with the Irish Brigade of Colonel Mulligan, denies that they were required to give a promise not to again engage in the war. They took no obligation of any kind whatever, and were not asked to do so. Had such an obligation been required, the majority of them would have refused to take it.—They were allowed to depart unconditionally, after being stripped of their accoutrements.—The rebels had had quite enough of them, and considered their room much better than their company. He assures us that nearly every man in the brigade is ready and anxious to take the field again, and with a determination to take severe revenge for their present defeat.

RUSSEL'S LETTERS.

In his latest letter to the London Times, Dr. Russell says:

"No army in the world has finer horses than those which have been collected by the activity and efforts of the Quartermaster General, Meigs. Prince Napoleon was much struck with their superiority. The carts are almost equally good and numerous. Their can be no want of horses for their cavalry, or for remount horses, as long as the attelage is so good. But finer than either horses or carts are the men. With the exception of such regiments as Kerrigan's, which was hastily enlisted in New York, and are not yet provided with uniforms, no army presents a greater, if any presents an equal, number of tall, robust, stout-limbed men, in the prime of life. I do not speak of special crack regiments, but of the average of the whole mass. Imperfectly disciplined as they necessarily are, the troops would, I am satisfied, inflict a severe repulse on the confederates, if they advance to the assault of the formidable redoubts, connected by long lines of abattis and curtains, which cover Washington on the south, and are rapidly encircling it on the north also.

"A month has elapsed since the battle of Bull Run, and the retreat of the Unionists to their entrenchments. They are not yet in a position to assume an offensive attitude. The rebels have been equally motionless in front of the Potomac. Washington has had another panic, but it is not too much to say that it will soon be a vast entrenched camp, defended by redoubts, regular earthworks, palisades, and abattis north and south, with the Potomac flowing through the midst of it, which, if properly defended, may bid defiance to anything but a regular attack, and decisive victories over the covering army. I have just returned from an extended visit of the lines, and from a short run into Maryland, of which I must defer the account till next mail. I found the camps on the Potomac in very good order. The works are of the very finest description of field defences, and on the north side the army is at work forming a chain of redoubts on the heights from the rear of Georgetown round towards the Baltimore railway. This enormous series of entrenchments will require an immense force to defend and cover it, and although troops are certainly coming in, they do not as yet arrive in sufficient force to do all that will be required."

SHARP SHOOTING.

A correspondent of the Boston Traveller gives the following account of a little battle of words in Baltimore:—

"Our officers and soldiers did not always bear contumely in silence, though they could not strike down their tormentors when these were women and children. Sometimes they answered such scoffs with fitting words. 'Are you a Massachusetts soldier?' said a woman, elegantly dressed, and doubtless deemed a *lady* in Baltimore. 'I am, madam,' was the courteous answer of the officer of our regiment thus addressed. 'Well, thank God, my husband is in the Southern army, ready to kill such hirelings as you.' 'Do you not miss him, madam?' said the officer. 'Oh, yes, I miss him a good deal.' 'Very well, madam, we are going South in a few days, and will try to find him and *bring him back* here with his companions.' You ought to have seen how angry she was! 'You are from that miserable Boston, I suppose,' she said, 'where there is nothing but mob law, and they burned down the Ursuline Convent—the Puritan bigots!' 'Some such thing did happen in Charlestown, many years ago, when I was a boy,' said the officer, 'at least I have heard so, and am very sorry for it. But can you tell me what street that is?' 'Pratt street,' was the unsuspecting reply. '*What happened there, madam, on the 19th of April, this very year?*' He got no answer from the angry secessionist, but the loud shout which went up from the Union bystanders, who generally are of the humbler order, atoned for her silence. People that live in glass houses had better not throw stones. The same officer, riding in a chaise with a gentleman, who, to his surprise, showed secession proclivities, but was courteous in their demonstration, was told by the gentleman that the horse which was drawing them was called 'Jeff. Davis,' in honor of that distinguished rebel, and asked if he 'did not object to driving such a horse.' 'Oh, no, sir,' was the instant reply; 'to drive Jeff. Davis is the very purpose of our coming South.' Our secession gentleman imitated his sister traitor in preserving a discreet silence."

THE ATTEMPTS TO REINFORCE MULLIGAN.—The Missouri Democrat in an article defending General Fremont from the charge of neglecting to reinforce Col. Mulligan, says:—So soon as it was apparently the intention of Price to attack Lexington, every effort that could have been made to reinforce it was made, and Sturgis's army arrived in time to do so, and would have succeeded could they have crossed the river; but the very ferry boats collected there under the guns of the fort for the purpose of crossing Sturgis's army, four thousand strong, had fallen into the hands of the enemy, and left them idle spectators on the opposite bank of the river.

Lane, with a force of over eight thousand men, pressed on with all the vigor possible from the southwest. Smith, with a force of one thousand, hurried down from St. Joseph; and Col. Davis had orders to break through the enemy's lines, and hurry on from Georgetown without transportation, with a force of over seven thousand men. Besides these, two boats, with guns and over a thousand men, went up the river in order to destroy the masked batteries which lined its banks. In fact, such is the disposition of the Federal troops at this moment. They have so hemmed in Price that he will be obliged to give battle or surrender. In any event, his fate is sealed, as it is the first time since the war began in Missouri that the United States forces could meet the enemy in anything like approaching to equal numbers. * * *

For the first time within Fremont's short term, two months, he is in a position to assume the offensive, and we must not be considered enthusiastic *if we say that within three or four weeks there will not be an open enemy in Missouri.*

THE Charleston papers publish the following order from Brigadier General Ripley:—"Citizens residing on Sullivan's Island will hold themselves in readiness to proceed to the city on short notice. Circumstances only can determine when, or what moment, it may be absolutely necessary to order a removal from that island." That is to say, they are expecting a visit from the Federal fleet.

FREMONT IN THE FIELD—PRICE PREPARING TO RESIST—FREMONT'S LETTER—BLAIR RELIEVED.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 27.—General Fremont and a part of his staff left for Jefferson City this afternoon.

Reports received here to-night, state that General Price has dismounted all his horsemen, except four regiments, and is organizing his army for a determined stand against Gen. Fremont.

The *Democrat* says:—Just before leaving the city, Gen. Fremont wrote a letter to a friend in New York. We have succeeded in obtaining a copy, which, as it relates to public affairs, and possesses, at this time, great interest, we commit no impropriety in laying it before our readers:—

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 26th.

My Dear Sir—I leave at 8 o'clock in the morning, and send you this hurried note in the midst of the last arrangements before starting.

We have to contest with an enemy having no posts to garrison, and no lines of transportation to defend or guard; whose whole force can be turned at will to any point; while we have from Leavenworth and Fort Scott to Paducah to keep protected.

I wish to say to you, that, though the position is difficult, I am confident that I am competent to it, and also to the enemy in the field.

I am not able, at the same time, to attend to the enemy at home. It is a shame to the country that an officer going to the field, his life in his hands—solely actuated by the desire to serve his country, and win for himself its good opinions, and with no other object—should be destroyed by a system of concentrated attacks utterly without foundation. Charges are spoken of when there are none to be made.

What is the object of the repetition of these falsehoods, except to familiarize the public mind with the idea that something is wrong? Already our credit, which was good, is shaken in consequence of the newspaper intimations of my being removed. Money is demanded by those furnishing supplies.

To defend myself would require the time that is necessary to, and belongs to my duty against the enemy. If permitted by the country, this state of things will not fail to bring disorder.

I am an exponent of a part of the force of the nation directed against the enemy of the country. Everything that is directed against me, is directed against it, and gives its enemy aid and comfort. My private character comes in only incidentally. I defend it because, naturally, his reputation is dear to any man, but only incidentally. This is the foundation of many of my acts, and will be, if I stay here. Everything that hurts, impedes, or embarrasses the work entrusted to me, I strike at without hesitation.

I take the consequences. The worst that can happen to me is relief from great labor.

Yours, truly, JOHN C. FREMONT.

The following is a portion of a note directed to Col. Blair, by the Adjutant General, Capt. Chauncey McKeever, here by order of Gen. Fremont:

"In consequence of a telegraph from your brother, Postmaster General Blair, followed by a letter asking your release for public reasons, you are hereby released from arrest, and directed to resume your sword and join your regiment for duty."

Mr. Hudgins arrived to-day with a flag of truce from Lexington, with a proposition for the exchange of Col. Marshall, of the First Illinois Cavalry, captured at Lexington, for Prince L. Hudgins, a member of the State Convention, now confined at the arsenal here. It is understood that the proposition has been accepted, and Hudgins set at liberty.

The following is the text of the original telegram of Gen. Fremont to Washington, relative to the surrender at Lexington:

HEADQUARTERS, WESTERN DEPARTMENT, }
St. Louis, Sept. 28. }

To Col. E. D. Townsend, Adjutant General:

I have intelligence from Brookfield, that Lexington has fallen into Gen. Price's hands, he having cut off Mulligan's supply of water. Reinforcements, four thousand strong, under Gen. Sturgis, by the capture of the ferry boats, had no means of crossing the river in time.—Gen. Lane's force from the southwest, and Col. Davis's from the southeast, upwards of eleven thousand in all, could not get there in time. I am taking the field myself, and hope to destroy the enemy either before or after the junction of the force under Gen. McCulloch. Please notify the President immediately.

JOHN C. FREMONT,
Major General Commanding.

PARTIAL DESTRUCTION OF OSCEOLA BY GEN. LANE.—Jefferson City, Sept. 28.—A gentleman, who arrived here this morning from the West, states that he saw a gentleman who passed through Osceola, on Wednesday, who says that the central portion of that town had been burnt by Gen. Lane. It is stated that the reasons for burning it were that the rebels had fired on the troops from the windows of the houses. No United States troops were there when he left.

All the U. S. officers have been released on parole but Col. Mulligan, who refused to give his for private reasons.

A body of 10,000 rebels were sent across the Missouri from Lexington, on Thursday, with the avowed intention of attacking Lane, who is reported on the other side of the river.

Price's force, on the morning of the surrender of Lexington, was 34,000, but subsequently increased to 42,000, and men continued to join him from all quarters. The rebels have devastated the whole country within a radius of twenty miles, seizing everything of any value, carrying off crops, produce, money, etc. A few members of Jackson's old legislature have assembled at Lexington and passed an ordinance of secession, and were discussing acts confiscating the property of loyal citizens, etc.

☞ Women often fancy themselves to be in love when they are not. The love of being loved, fondness of flattery, the pleasure of giving pain to a rival, and a passion for novelty and excitement—are frequently mistaken for something far better and holier, till marriage disenchants the fair self-deceiver, and leaves her astonished at her own indifference and the evaporation of her romantic fancies.

☞ AGONY POINT.—An English clergyman by the name of Pycroft, has written a novel, entitled "Agony Point; or, The Groans of Gentility." We think that if the work comes up to the promise of its name, it would reward reprinting in this country. A good deal of our American gentility is now at "Agony Point."

☞ A Massachusetts soldier who passed through the city of New York a few weeks since, was asked how many regiments Massachusetts would send? His reply was:—"She will send a regiment a week for six months, and if that does not do, she will come herself."

☞ The Duke of Bedford's will—the father of Earl Russell—extends over 530 folios.

NEWS ITEMS.

COL. MULLIGAN is worthy of all praise. A purer, a better man, does not live in the state of Illinois. Since he was able to tell the difference between ale and water, a glass of spirituous or malt liquor has not passed his lips. He is a rigid temperance man, although he is jocund and wholesouled to a fault. He is six feet three inches in height, with a wiry, elastic frame, a large, lustrous, hazel eye, an open, frank, Celtic face, stamped with courage, pluck, and independence, surmounted with a bushy profusion of hair, tinctured with gray.

THE barque Florence, from Malta, owned in Charleston, has been seized and confiscated by the United States authorities at Boston.

STOCKINGS FOR THE ARMY.—J. S. Potter, agent for factories at Seneca Falls, Guilford and Lincoln, Mass., has received a contract for a million pair of woollen socks for army use.

JAMES B. CLAY, at the head of sixteen rebel soldiers, has been captured in Kentucky, while on their way to join Zollikoffer. Breckinridge escaped.

ONE LEXINGTON REINFORCEMENT AT KANSAS CITY.—Gen. Sturgis with eleven hundred men reached the Missouri six miles above Lexington and on the opposite bank before Mulligan's surrender, but learning that five thousand rebels were stationed in the woods awaiting his approach, he retired to Liberty and thence to Kansas City.

GRAIN ON THE CANAL.—It is a singular fact, perhaps not known to all our readers, that since the 1st day of May, on which day navigation on the Erie canal was opened, there has flowed through this city a steady stream of grain, mostly wheat and corn, averaging *one thousand bushels an hour*, day and night, and this stream has poured out at tidewater *thirty-three millions* of bushels, up to the 7th of September! This includes the flour, calculated at five bushels to the barrel. This grain, ground and bolted and baked into bread, will feed three hundred thousand soldiers for seven years, giving more than a pound of bread per day each.—*Utica Herald.*

THE commissioned officers of a regiment at Ironton, Mo., recently passed resolutions unanimously endorsing in the highest terms the course of Fremont.

AT the recent victory of the Kansas troops at Morristown, Mo., Col. Johnson fell with three bullet wounds in the head, two buckshot in the neck, one bullet in the left shoulder, one in the left thigh, one in the right hand, and one in the left (nine wounds in all.) His death was almost instantaneous. He died urging Kansas men to fight for the flag his own life was lost in defending.

OF Baker's brigade (six regiments) five regiments, with the exception of one company from New York, is made up of Pennsylvanians. The title, California Regiment, is a mere name, given it by newspapers. Further than this, there is no connection with California, Oregon, or New York. It is considered a Pennsylvania brigade.

SENATOR BAKER, of Oregon, has been appointed a Major-General of volunteers, but he has not signified his acceptance of the position. He regards his place in the Senate as the highest to which any man can reasonably aspire, and hence it is not probable, entertaining this opinion, that he will resign it, unless the pressing exigencies of the country shall demand his services in the field.

EX PRESIDENT PIERCE.—The Detroit Tribune says of this gentleman:—While in this city, he was closeted with a select circle who *are known to be doubtful in their loyalty*; he made a speech to them; and since he left Detroit more than one of that secret circle have said to others,—"You ought to have heard Ex-President Pierce last night; he would have cured you of the idea of supporting this Government in this damnable war."

ROSS WINANS, who was arrested with other members of the late Maryland Legislature recently, has been released from imprisonment in Fortress Monroe on parole.

SAD MORTALITY.—One of the saddest cases, says the Boston Transcript, of mortality, that has come to our notice, is found in the Millet family, which resides in Minot, within a radius of two miles. The family has lost fourteen children by diptheria, within the past few months; and not a single child or person of any other family in the vicinity or town has died of this disease.

"AN ILL WIND," &c.—Some towns are favored in a pecuniary manner, by the war.—Portsmouth, New Hampshire, was never more flourishing before than it is now made by the Government works. Nearly two thousand men, we are told, are employed in the Navy Yard—a number equal to all the men in Portsmouth before—and they keep money in quick circulation.

THE President has issued a commission as captain in the navy to Admiral Zerman, late of the Mexican navy. Captain Zerman is detailed for service with General Fremont's column, and will probably have an important position in the flotilla preparing for a voyage down the Mississippi. He was formerly in the Turkish navy, where he saw much service, and acquired considerable reputation as an officer.

ORDNANCE FOR CAIRO.—Few people except those who have been at the spot have any idea of the immense quantities of heavy guns and ordnance stores which are accumulating at Cairo. Car-loads and steamboat-loads of Columbiads, mortars, rifled cannon, shells, and ammunition of every kind are daily forwarded to that point to be in readiness for the grand movement down the Mississippi, which will take place before long.—*Springfield Journal, Sept. 23.*

THERE is no truth, nor shadow of truth, in the statement published in certain newspapers that Col. Mulligan, in reply to Price's summons to surrender, told him to "go to h—ll." The first summons they had from Price was a cannon ball; the reply to it was another.

GOT WHAT HE CALLED FOR.—The California Christian Advocate states that a secessionist recently entered an eating house at Martinez, and called for a "first rate Jeff. Davis meal." In due course of time the waiter placed before him a large covered dish—"only that and nothing more." On removing the cover, Secesh found snugly coiled up a hempen rope, with a slip-noose at one end. He left—had no appetite.

THE EXPEDITION TO CHARLESTON.—The New York Tribune says:—Gen. Sherman's expedition to the Southern coast will sail within three weeks at the farthest. Fifteen or twenty regiments will have the privilege of going to Charleston, as the principal officers in command believe, or to Mobile or New Orleans, as others conjecture. Gen. Viele's brigade—five regiments, now in camp here—will form a part of the force, and will go to Fortress Monroe, to sail thence, within a few days. Gen. Sherman will not strike the only blow on the sea coast.

A correspondent writing from Fortress Monroe, under date of Sept. 24th, says:—

It is understood that Flag-Officer Goldsborough expects at an early day *to concentrate the largest fleet ever seen in American waters, with the view of active operations on the coast.* The Sabine arrived this morning, making, with the Minnesota, the Roanoke, the St. Lawrence, the Congress, five first class frigates, beside several gunboats, now in the roads.

☞ To get a duck for dinner—jump into the river.

NEWS ITEMS.

An Ethiopian Investment.—An aged colored woman, who in early life was a slave in Virginia, and who has been a servant in one of our most respectable families for 20 years, called at one of the Pittsburg banking houses with $150 in silver coins, some of which were old Spanish dollars, and none bore a later date than 1853. This sum was the accumulated saving of more than thirty years. After exchanging her silver for gold, she called on Mr. Hanna, and took $150 in Government 7-30 stock.

Stealing an Umbrella Felonious.—Justice Burt, of Buffalo, a few days since settled a long disputed question in the most emphatic manner, by sentencing a man named Leonard Fuchs, to six months imprisonment and hard labor in the penitentiary, for stealing an umbrella!

The New York Day Book has ceased to exist.

Cotton at the South.—It is stated that over 10,000 bales of cotton are now lying at Apalachicola, Florida. On the 12th ultimo there were 10,530 bales in New Orleans, which in the North would be worth $1,136,000.

The bills for the conduct of General Patterson's campaign in Western Virginia have all been received, and are found to foot up the snug sum of $10,000,000. The equivalent for this vast outlay, so far as the public good is concerned, was very little.

The popular loan progresses successfully, and it is rumored that the Government has assurances that the second instalment of fifty millions will be duly provided for by the New York Banks, aided by the institutions in other cities in connection with them.

The transportation of one regiment from Illinois to Washington costs $16,000.

Stocking Knitting Associations.—The ladies of Lebanon County, Pennsylvania, have organized a Stocking Knitting Association, the result of their labors to be given to the volunteers. A committee of ladies was appointed for each ward, borough and township in the county, to canvass their districts for the purpose of procuring wool, yarn, stockings, or money to purchase material.—This is a praiseworthy movement, and one which we would be glad to see imitated by the ladies of every county in the state.

A private letter to the Baltimore journal, from Carroll County, Maryland, speaking of the recent expedition to Lower Maryland, says the presence of Colonel Cowdin's Massachusetts Regiment has convinced the wavering that even Massachusetts men could march through our county without interfering with the slaves. "I know of several instances," the letter continues, "where negroes seeking their camp were whipped and sent home."

Buckner's Treachery.—General Buckner, commander of the Kentucky State Guard, as soon as the Legislature orders the rebels to evacuate the state, pulls a confederate commission as Brigadier General out of his pocket, and issues his proclamation; and then it is found that his positions have all been arranged for a long time for precipitating Kentucky, by force, into the power of the confederates. As the Memphis Advocate says, "The South needs her territory, (the territory of Kentucky,) and must have it, though at the expense of blood and conquest." During all the Kentucky neutrality treason has been winding its fatal coils about the state, and now it will take a mighty effort to throw them off. Buckner all along has pretended to be loyal, and was in Washington recently.

Michigan Loyalty.—Michigan has eight regiments in the vicinity of Washington, and four regiments ready for orders. In addition to these, the War Department is informed that a regiment of Irishmen and a regiment of lancers would soon be ready, together with a company of sharp-shooters, and two companies of engineers and artificers, bringing her up to the completion of her quota of 500,000 men. Good for Michigan!

The U. S. Grand Jury at Trenton has presented the Newark Evening Journal, Warren Journal, Hunterdon Democrat, New Brunswick Times, Plainfield Gazette, and Hackettstown Gazette, for treasonable publications, giving aid and comfort to the enemy, and endeavoring to injure the Government.

On the 24th ultimo a force of 1,000 Ohio troops drove 700 rebels out of Mechanicsville, Virginia, and 1,400 rebels out of Romney, Virginia, killing 35 men, wounding a large number, and losing but three men killed and ten wounded.

A requisition of General Fremont for half a million of dollars has been reported against by General Ripley, the Chief of the Ordnance Bureau at Washington, on the ground that the prices paid by Fremont for arms were excessive.

The number of sick and wounded soldiers in the hospitals at Washington is seven hundred and sixty-seven.

At Lewinsville, a detachment consisting of 5,000 infantry, a squadron of cavalry, and three batteries, made a successful reconnoissance, captured ninety wagon loads of supplies and a rebel officer, and encountered and drove back a force of five regiments of infantry, one regiment of cavalry, and six batteries of the rebels, silencing their batteries.

The Philadelphia Home Guard now consists of five thousand four hundred men—viz.: three companies of artillery, two battalions of riflemen, carrying sabre bayonets, three regiments of infantry. The Reserve Grays comprises four regiments. The available force of the city, for defence, is about 8,000

Much to the relief of a great many nervous people, it is given out, on high military authority to-day, that the 25,000 additional troops called for by the Governor of New York, will be obtained without resorting to a draft. But some 6,000 or 7,000 are needed to complete the quota, and these are coming in so freely that, in a fortnight or three weeks more, the whole 25,000 will be under arms and in the field.—*N. Y. Correspondent.*

The iron-clad gun-boat building at Mystic, Connecticut, for the Government, will be 200 feet long, 36 feet wide, and 12 feet deep.—She will be half barque rigged, and will carry a very heavy armament. Her armor will consist of railroad iron and steel plates, bolted through the entire side of the vessel.—She will be completed in about ninety days.

The Rebel Force in Missouri.—From the best information that we can gather, the Rebel forces in this state are as follows:—Price's troops, 17,000; McCulloch's, 15,000; Rains's, 2,000; Green and Harris's, 5,000; Patten and Boyd's, 5,000; Jeff. Thompson's, 2,000. Total, 46,000. If to this be added the guerilla parties in the South-East and South-West, the total number of Rebels in the field in Missouri will not be less than 60,000.—*St. Louis News, 20th ult.*

Noble.—Lawrence County, Pa., has sent to the war 1,100 men out of a population of 3,500 voters.

The amount of the popular loan so far is believed to be about $20,000,000.

It has been stated that Gen. McClellan has issued an order affecting the live contrabands which daily come in. This is not the case—no order of any kind having reference to negroes has been made by the General.

Colored regiments, under command of rebel officers, are being organized in the secession states. The principal arm carried by these men, is a sharp bowie-knife, about eighteen inches in length. These colored men are drilled with much strictness every day.

The American Sunday-School Union is pursuing its important work of gathering into Sunday-schools the multitudes of children and youth, who are without other and better means of instruction. They rely wholly on the voluntary contributions of those who realize, in some degree, the momentous consequences of neglecting such a work, to aid them at this juncture. The missionaries have shown a most self-denying spirit, in submitting to a necessary reduction of their compensation, while their labors are unremitted. To sustain them and furnish needy schools with a small library at the outstart, requires much more than we now receive. To dismiss them and leave the little ones in ignorance is both impolitic and unchristian.

The present executive officers of the Board are,

JOHN A. BROWN, *President.*
FRED. A. PACKARD, *Cor. Sec. and Ed. of Pub.*
M. A. WURTS, *Rec. Sec. and Sec. of Com. of Mis.*
LEVI KNOWLES, *Treasurer.*
Superintendent of Depositories,
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Philadelphia, Pa.

Gen. Lane in Western Missouri.—Gen. Lane surprised a superior rebel force at Papensville, Mo., on the 21st, and after a severe engagement, routed them, losing himself 17 men killed and a large number wounded, while the enemy lost 40 killed, 100 prisoners, and all their tents, wagons, and supplies.—Gen. Lane is reported to be moving on Osceola. A U. S. force from Fort Scott has beaten the rebel force which lately sacked the town of Humboldt, in Kansas. The rebel leader, Mathias, was killed. On his person was found an order from Ben McCullough for the enrollment of the Quappaw Indians.

Scouts at Fort Scott represent that Ben McCullough was within 30 miles of Fort Scott on the night of the 21st.

Gen. Lane has issued a proclamation to the citizens of Western Missouri, in which, after saying for what purpose he is there, and urging those in arms against the Government to disperse, and come to him for protection in person and property, he uses the following language:

"Should you, however, disregard my advice, the stern visitations of war shall be meted to rebels and their allies. I shall then be convinced that your arming 'for protection, is a sham; and rest assured that traitors when caught, shall receive a traitor's doom. The cup of mercy has been exhausted. Treason hereafter will be treated as treason. The massacre of innocent women and children by the black-hearted traitors who lately burned the bridges on the St. Joseph Railroad has satisfied us that a traitor will perpetrate crimes which devils would shudder to commit. They shall be blotted from existence, and sent to that hell which yawns for their reception.

"The two roads are open to you, people of Western Missouri. Choose ye between them. The one leads you to peace and plenty—the other to destruction."

Reports, which are regarded as reliable, have been received that Col. Montgomery, of Gen. Lane's command, attacked Osceola, in St. Clair county, on Friday week, burned the town, by shelling it, and repulsed a large force of rebels.

The Gunboats.—The Western gunboats, seven in number, will be completed by the 15th of October, ten days after the time agreed upon, under a forfeiture of $200 a day over the time. They are 175 feet in length, 51 feet beam, and 6 feet depth of hold in the clear, and will draw 5 feet with the armament aboard. They have an open stem or recess, and the wheel works within the recess. They will be pierced for twenty guns each, and will carry sixteen. The guns will be placed on the main deck. Three on the bow, three astern, and five on each side. The boats will be bulk headed into compartments to prevent the casualty of sinking in case of damage in any particular part. The boats are to be covered with sheeting iron two and a half inches thick. An experiment which was tried with a rifled cannon upon these plates, placed at an angle of forty-five degrees, shows that at eight hundred yards there was no effect upon the plates, except tearing out some bolts. At a distance of five hundred yards, an indentation about one inch deep was made in the plate, but without breaking it in the slightest degree. A shot was then made at one hundred yards distance, at a plate placed at right angles with the range, and the ball was broken to pieces, without fracturing the iron in the least.

Kentucky—A Wonderful Fortification.—There are many wonderful natural curiosities and antiquated relics to be found in Kentucky; and one of the most remarkable of them is to be found in Allen county, on the Tennessee border, and 17 miles from Bowling Green, where a wall of solid limestone, 200 yards in length, 40 feet high, 30 feet at the base and six feet wide at the top, crosses a neck formed by a bend in Drake's Creek, and encloses a peninsula of 200 acres, elevated 110 feet above the river. On the top of this natural mound is an area of 3 acres, enclosed by a wall and a ditch, forming one of the strongest fortresses in the world. It is not improbable that the fortunes of war may cause this old fortification—built, it is supposed, antecedent to a race of men who held the country when discovered by Europeans—to be occupied by a hostile force, and made to play a prominent part in this civil contest.

Chief Justice Marshall on Secession.—Among the papers of the late Hon. Joseph Stoddard Johnston was found the following letter, which at this time seems to deserve publication:—

Richmond, May 22, 1830.

Dear Sir:—On my return from North Carolina I had the pleasure of receiving your speech "On the power of a state to annul the laws of the Union." It certainly is not among the least extraordinary of the doctrines of the present day that such a question should be seriously debated. I thank you for the gratification derived from reading your able arguments, and am, with great and respectful esteem, Your obedient,

J. Marshall.

The Hon. Mr. Johnston, of Louisiana.

Complimentary.—The Paris *Nationale*, a kind of semi-personal organ of Prince Napoleon, is publishing a series of letters from this country, supposed by many to be inspired by the Prince, though written by a Colonel of his suite. In the last of the series occurs the following graceful compliment to our people:

"I have found in the United States that which, despite my inclination to admire everything, I did not expect to meet with, on the word of even the most favorably disposed traveller, and that is perfect order, honesty, eagerness to be of service, if not urbanity; life comfortable, easy and regular; in fine, a habitual intercontact by all classes of society, which neither soils, wounds nor kills any one."

James M. Wall, of New Jersey, charged with treason, has been set free.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
H. DEXTER & CO., 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
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HENRY MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth Street, Pittsburg.
JOHN P. HUNT, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.
GEORGE N. LEWIS, 28 West 6th St., Cincinnati, O.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
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GREEN & CO., Nashville, Tenn.
GRAY & CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Mo.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

Prize Vessels.—Thus far the rebels are a little ahead in the seizure of vessels at sea; but not as largely as might be supposed, when it is remembered that the rebels have but very little commerce afloat. The aggregates are as follows:

		Value.
Seized by rebels,	64 vessels,	$2,791,400
Seized by U. S. Navy,	52 "	1,917,200
Total,	116	$4,708,600

This does not include the vessels seized in New York, Boston, &c., by the officers of those ports. The value of these seizures will aggregate at least $2,000,000—making a grand aggregate of at least $4,000,000, against the $2,791,400 of the rebel prizes.

In the coming election the volunteers from this state will vote in their respective camps, according to a statute in force since 1812.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The inquiry for Flour has been less active. Some 12,000 barrels found buyers at $5 for common superfine; $5,12½ for standard and good do, now generally held at $5,25; $5,25@5,50 for extra; $5,50@6 for family and from $6,25 to $7,50 for fancy brands, and 500 bbls Western fine Flour at $4@4,25 ⅌ bbl. Rye Flour has advanced, and 200@300 bbls sold at $3@3,25 ⅌ bbl, the latter for better brands, which is now the uniform asking rate. Corn Meal is not much inquired for, and Pennsylvania Meal is held at $2,81¼ ⅌ bbl; 400 bbls Brandywine sold at a price kept private.

GRAIN.—The demand for Wheat continues steady, and a further advance of 3@4c ⅌ bus; about 60,000 bus having been disposed of, mostly for shipment, at $1,10@1,12 for Chicago Spring, $1,18@1,23 for Western and Pennsylvania Winter Reds, mostly at $1,22; $1,10 to $1,24 for damp and prime dry Southern ditto, the latter afloat, and from $1,34 to $1,37 for White, as in quality, including 5,000 bus Kentucky at a price not public. Rye has been in good demand at the advance, and all offered, some 6000 bus, sold at 55@60c for new and old, closing at the latter rate for prime Penna. Corn is firm, with sales of 30,000 bus, mostly prime Yellow, at 56c afloat, including some inferior lots at 45@50c, and good at 51@54c; Western mixed 55@58c, and White at 58@60c, the latter for prime. Oats are in good demand, and about 40,000 bus sold at 28@31c for Southern, as in quality, the latter afloat; 32c for Penna, and 33@34c for old do.—Mill Feed is dull, and 2000 bus Brownstuff sold at $12 ⅌ ton.

PROVISIONS.—Of Mess Pork the sales are limited at $14,50@15 ⅌ bbl, which is an improvement; 100 bbls Western Mess Beef sold at $14 ⅌ bbl, which is also better; city packed is held higher. Bacon Hams move off as wanted at 8@9c for plain and fancy cured; 200,000 ℔s Sides sold to government on terms kept private; little or nothing doing in Shoulders. Of green Meats the sales have been confined to Shoulders, in salt, at about 4¾c ⅌ ℔. Lard is steady, but dull at 9@9½c for tcs and bbls, the latter for prime Western, and 9¾@9⅞c for kegs, cash and time. Butter continues as last quoted, but inactive at 8@9c for good and prime solid packed; some common quality sold at 6c. Cheese is quiet at 6@7c, as in quality. Eggs move off more freely at 11@12c ⅌ dozen, which is an advance.

COTTON.—The demand for this article continues limited, a few small lots only have been taken by spinners at about previous rates, ranging from 18 to 25c for ordinary to middling and good middling quality, cash.

ASHES are unchanged, with a small business to note in both Pots and Pearls.

BARK.—Quercitron is arriving and selling slowly at $28½ for 1st No 1, at which rate the demand is good. A sale of coarse ground was also made at $27½ ⅌ ton. Tanners' Bark is inquired for, Spanish selling at $10, and Chestnut Oak at $8 per cord.

BEESWAX is scarce, and selling in a small way only at 31@32c.

COAL.—The demand for shipment is only moderate, and the market is quiet for the season, but without any change in quotations.

COFFEE.—The firmness of holders and the want of stock has limited the operations of the past week to about 1500 bags, chiefly Rio in lots, at 13½@15½c, mostly at 14½@15½c, including some Laguayra at 16½@17c, all on the usual credit.

COPPER is unchanged, the sales being mostly confined to Yellow Metal at 18c, 6 mos.

FEATHERS move off as wanted at 35@40c for good Western, the latter in a small way.

FRUIT is rather quiet, and for Peaches the season is nearly over. Green Apples come in slowly, and sell at $1,50@3,50 ⅌ bbl. Dried Apples are quoted at 4½@5c, and Peaches at 6@7c ⅌ ℔, and scarce.

HAY meets with a steady demand, and we quote Timothy at 60@70c the 100 ℔s.

HEMP is held for higher prices, but there is little or nothing doing, most of the stock being in the hands of the manufacturers.

HOPS move off as wanted at 20@25c for new Eastern and Western, the latter for 1st sort; nothing doing in old crop.

IRON.—There is no new feature in the market, and the usual business to note in Pig Metal, including about 1000 tons Anthracite, sold in lots, at previous quotations. Of Manufactured the sales are also limited and prices the same.

LEAD is firm and on the advance, with a sale of 1600 pigs Galena to note at $5,80, now held higher.

LUMBER.—The market continues dull, Eastern Laths selling at $1,20@1,25, Yellow Sap Boards at $12@14, and White Pine at $11@15 ⅌ M.

MOLASSES is held firmly, but without much doing.

PLASTER is in better demand, and a cargo of soft sold at $2,25 ⅌ ton.

RICE is firm and on the advance, the stock being nearly exhausted, and sales of about 100 casks are reported at 7@7½c ⅌ ℔, mostly at the latter rate; holders now ask more.

SALT.—Nearly all the recent imports, consisting of 3000 sacks Liverpool ground, and 500 tons Cagliari sold on terms kept private.

SEEDS.—The receipts of all kinds are light, and the market at the close is firm, with small sales of Clover at $4,75. Timothy ranges at $2@2,25, mostly at $2@2,12½, and Flaxseed at $1,42 ⅌ bu, at which rate it is wanted.

SPIRITS.—The market for foreign is unchanged and firm, with a very limited business doing in the way of sales. N E Rum is firm at the advance, and sales are making at 30@32c. Whiskey is scarce and on the advance, bbls selling more freely at 19½@20c, the latter for prime Ohio, and Drudge at 18½@19c.

SUGARS continue firm and on the advance, the want of stock limiting operations at some 300 hhds Cuba at 8@8½c, and 600 boxes do at from 7½c to 10c, on the usual credit.

TALLOW continues in request and scarce; city is held at 8¾c, and the Association are asking 9c ⅌ ℔, which is above the views of buyers.

TOBACCO.—The want of stock and high views of holders limit operations to small lots at very full rates, including some Maysville on terms kept private.

WOOL.—The demand for the low and medium grades continues active, at a further improvement, sales to some extent having been made at 45@47c net.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1561 head. The prices realized were from 7½ to 8¾ cts ⅌ ℔. 40 Cows brought from $25 to 35 ⅌ head. 7000 Sheep were sold at from 6½ to 7c ⅌ ℔ 5000 Hogs sold at from $4,75 to 5,50 ⅌ cwt, net.

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Yours, &c., B. B. PELTON.

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Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
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Philadelphia, September 28, 1861.

Alabama	— dis.	Missouri	15 dis.
Canada	½ dis.	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	½ dis.	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Delaware	½ dis.	New Hampshire	½ dis.
Dist. of Columbia	½ dis.	New Jersey	par to ½ dis.
Florida	— dis.	New York City	1-10 dis.
Georgia	30 dis.	New York State	½ dis.
Illinois	25 to 75 dis.	North Carolina	20 dis.
Indiana	1½ dis.	Nova Scotia	10 dis.
Iowa	4 dis.	Ohio	1½ dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania	par to 1½ dis.
Kentucky	2½ dis.	Rhode Island	½ dis.
Louisiana	25 dis.	South Carolina	20 dis.
Maine	½ dis.	Tennessee	50 dis.
Maryland	½ to 5 dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	½ dis.	Vermont	½ dis.
Michigan	3 dis.	Virginia	20 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	30 to 75 dis.
Mississippi	—		

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. Samuel Durborow, Rector of the Church of the Evangelists, Eli M. Womelsdorf, to Ellen M. daughter of the late Henry B. Williamson, of this city.

At Brooklyn, on Wednesday, O. M. Bradford, Esq. of the Associated Press Agency, to Miss M. H. Watkens, both of Brooklyn.

On the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. Noah Hobert, Edgar M. Porter, of Philadelphia, to Louisa J. Pratt, of Oxford, Maine.

On the 10th ultimo, by the Rev. David Steele, Thomas Nichol, to Sarah J. King, both of this city.

On the 9th ultimo, by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. George R. Coleman, to Miss Mary A. Graff, both of this city.

On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. S. Morais, Mr. M. M. Newman, to Miss Miriam E. Arnold, both of this city.

On the 29th of Aug. by the Rev. Robt. Gamble, Mr. Henry S. Stiles, to Miss Elizabeth McNabb, both of this city.

On the 16th ultimo, by the Rev. Wm. B. Stevens, Mr. Philip Somerset, to Miss Mary E. Hutchison, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Wednesday, the 25th ultimo, Samuel Yorke.

On the 23d ultimo, George Bilger, aged 78 years.

On the 23d ultimo, Mrs. Elizabeth Carhart, in her 66th year.

On Sabbath, the 22d ultimo, after a brief illness, of congestion of the brain, George Hebenton Newkirk, in his 38th year.

On the 21st ultimo, John Ulmer, in his 77th year.

On the 23d ultimo, Miss Fanny McCay, in her 54th year.

On the 24th ultimo, Mrs. Mary Madden, wife of John Madden, and daughter of the late Mrs. Derham, in her 40th year.

On the 24th ultimo, Catharine M. Morris, wife of Geo. Morris, aged 26 years.

On the 22d ultimo, Capt. Perry C. Cope, aged 48 years.

On the 22d ultimo, Conrad Danfield, Sr. in his 92d year.

On the 23d ultimo, Mrs. Hannah A. White, in her 44th year.

On the 23d ultimo, Hannah Kain, in her 42d year.

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As, the foregoing, and Abatis, Ambulance, Ambuscade, Armistice, Banquette, Bivouac, Brevet, Caisson, Caliber, Canister-shot, Cantonment, Caponiere, Casemate, Cartel, Chain-shot, Chamade, Commissary, Commissariat, Counterscarp, Chef de battaillon, Cul de Sac, Dahlgren gun, Minie rifle, &c., &c.

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HAVE YOU A COUGH?
Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. Do not allow your cold to take its own course. Two thirds of the victims of Consumption owe their afflictions to the fatal mistake of "waiting for a cough to get well of itself." Do not fall into this error, but avail yourself at once of a remedy which twenty-five years' experience has demonstrated is certain to procure a speedy cure.

HAVE YOU ASTHMA or PHTHISIS?
Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT, which will overcome the spasmodic contraction of the wind tubes, and cause them to eject the mucous or matter which clogs them up, and by an easy and free expectoration, remove all difficulty of breathing.

HAVE YOU BRONCHITIS?
Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. This wide-spread disease, which may be generally described as an inflammation of the fine skin which lines the inside of the wind tubes or air vessels, spreading through every part of the lungs, is often mistaken for Consumption. The Expectorant subdues this inflammation, relieves the attending cough, pain, and difficulty of breathing, and, if the case is not of too long standing, will certainly produce a cure.

HAVE YOU CONSUMPTION?
Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. It cleanses the lungs from all irritating matters, while at the same time, it heals and invigorates them. Of all the remedies which have been offered the public for this dread disease, none have stood the test of time, or maintained so universal a popularity, as this Expectorant. Thousands who have been given up by their physicians as incurable, have been restored to perfect health by its use, and their testimony must carry conviction to all who read it.

HAVE YOU PLEURISY?
Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT By taking two or three large doses in the early stages of the disease, in quick succession, and covering up warmly in bed, this preparation acts as a sudorific or sweating medicine, and subdues the inflammation at the outset.

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Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. There is no remedy which so effectually overcomes this disease as the Expectorant. What parent can witness the sufferings of her children from this distressing complaint, without doing all in her power for their relief? What medicine so pleasant to the taste, or so certain to produce immediate benefit? Give it a trial, then, and let it prove its efficacy.

HAVE YOU CROUP?
Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. Children are subject to no disease more sudden in its attacks, or, in the absence of prompt relief, none more fatal in its results, than Croup. Parents, therefore, should keep at hand a remedy sure and thorough. Such a remedy may be found in the Expectorant, and every careful mother will keep a supply by her.

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT
Is a standard medicine. For twenty five years it has been before the public, and during this period its curative powers have been testified to by all classes of people in all quarters of the world. Physicians, clergymen, lawyers, merchants and mechanics, have experienced its remedial effects, and have furnished us with their testimony, and it may be found at length in our Almanac. To their convincing certificates we would refer the doubting.

This EXPECTORANT and all of *Dr. Jayne & Son's Family Medicines,* are prepared only by DR. D. JAYNE & SON, 242 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, and may be had of Agents throughout the country. sep7-4t

BILIOUS AFFECTIONS,
LIVER COMPLAINTS,
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A MILD, PROMPT & EFFECTIVE REMEDY.

There is scarcely any disease in which purgative medicines are not required, and much sickness and suffering might be prevented were they more generally used. No person can feel well while a costive habit of body prevails; besides, it soon generates serious and often fatal diseases, which might be avoided by timely and judicious use of proper Cathartic medicines.

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Are recommended with the greatest confidence, experience having demonstrated them to be far superior to any other in use, being more mild, prompt, safe and uniform in their operation. While using them no particular care is required, and patients may eat and drink as usual. Age will not impair them, as they are so combined as to always readily dissolve in the stomach. In small doses they are alterative and gently laxative, but in large doses are actively cathartic, cleansing the whole alimentary canal from all putrid, irritating and fecal matters.

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Wit and Humor.

ARTEMUS WARD

SEES THE PRINCE NAPOLEON.

Notwithstandin' I haint writ much for the papers of late, nobody needn't flatter theirselves that the undersined is ded. On the contrary, "I still live," which words was spoken by Danyil Webster, who was a able man. Even the old-line whigs of Boston will admit that. Webster is ded now, howsever, and his mantle has probly fallen into the hands of sum dealer in 2nd hand close, who can't sell it. Leastways nobody pears to be goin round wearin it to any partickler extent now days. The rigiment of whom I was kurnal finerly concluded they was better adapted as Home Gards, which accounts for your not hearin of me, ear this, where the bauls is the thickest and where the cannon doth roar. But as a American citizen I shall never cease to admire the masterly advance our troops made on Washinton from Bull Run, a short time ago. It was well dun. I spoke to my wife 'bout it at the time. My wife sed it was well dun.

It havin thereto bin determined to pertect Baldinsville at all hazzuds, and as there was no apprehensions of any immejit danger, I thought I would go orf onto a pleasure tower. Accordinly I put on a clean Biled Shirt and started for Washinton. I went there to see the Prints Napoleon, and not to see the place, which I will take this occasion to observe is about as uninterestin a locality as there is this side of J. Davis's futur home, if he ever does die, and where I reckon they'll make it so warm for him that he will si for his summer close. It is easy enuff to see why a man goes to the poor house or the penitentiary.—It's becaws he can't help it. But why he should woluntarily go and live in Washinton is intirely beyond my comprehension, and I can't say no fairer nor that.

I put up to a leadin hotel. I saw the landlord, and sed—

"How d'ye do, Square?"

"Fifty cents, sir," was his reply.

"Sir?"

"Half-a dollar. We charge twenty-five cents for *lookin* at the landlord, and fifty cents for speakin to him. If you want supper, a boy will show you to the dinin room for twenty-five cents. Your room bein in the tenth story, it will cost you a dollar to be shown up there."

"How much do you ax a man for breathin in this equinomikal tarvun?" sed I.

"Ten cents a Breth," was his reply.

Washinton hotels is very reasonble in their charges. [N. B.—This is Sarkasum.]

I sent up my keerd to the Prints, and was immejitly ushered before him. He received me kindly and axed me to sit down.

"I hav cum to pay my respecks to you, Mister Napoleon, hopin I see you hale and harty."

"I am quite well," he sed. "Air you well, sir?"

"Sound as a [illegible]," I answerd.

He seemed to be pleased with my ways, and we entered into conversation to onct.

"How's Lewis?" I axed.

And he sed the Emperor was well. Eugeny was likewise well, he sed. Then I axed him was Lewis a good provider? did he cum home arly nites? did he perfoom her bedroom at a onseasonable hour with gin and tanzy? Did he go to "the Lodge" on nites when there wasn't any Lodge? did he often hav to go down town to meet a friend? did he hav a extensive acquaintance among poor young widders whose husbands was in Californy? to all of which questions the Prints perlitely replide, givin me to understand that the Emperor was behavin well.

"I ax these questions, my royal duke and most noble hiness and imperials, becaws I'm anxious to know how he stands as a man. I know he's smart. He is cunnin, he is longheded, he is deep—he is grate. But onless he is *good*, he'll come down with a crash one of these days, and the Bonyparts will be busted up agin. Bet yer life!"

"Air you a preacher, sir?" he inquired, slitely sarkasticul.

"No, sir. But I bleeve in morality. I likewise bleeve in Meetin Houses. Show me a place where there isn't any Meetin Houses, and where preachers is never seen, and I'll show you a place where old hats air stuffed into broken winders, where the children air dirty and ragged, where gates hav no hinges, where the wimin air slipshod, and where maps of the devil's wild land air painted upon men's shirt-bosums with tobacco jooce! That's what I'll show you. Let us consider what the preachers do for us before we aboose 'em!"

He sed he didn't mean to aboose the clergy. Not at all, and he was happy to see that I was interested in the Bonypart family.

"It's a grate family," sed I. "But they scooped the old man in."

"How, sir?"

"Napoleon the Grand. The Britishers scooped him at Waterloo. He wanted to do too much, and he did it! They scooped him in at Waterloo, and he subsekently died at St. Heleny! There's where the gratest military man this world ever projuced pegged out. It was rather hard to consine such a man as him to St. Heleny, to spend his larst days in catchin mackeril, and walkin up and down the dreary beach in a military cloak drawn titely round him (see picter-books), but so it was. 'Hed of the Army!' Them was his last words. So he had bin. He was grate! Don't I wish we had a pair of his old boots to command sum of our Brigades!"

This pleased Jerome, and he took me warmly by the hand.

"Alixander the Grate was punkins," I continnered, "but Napoleon was punkinser!—Alic wept becaws there was no more worlds to scoop, and then took to drinkin. He drownded his sorrers in the flowin bole, and the flowin bole was too much for him. It ginrally is. He undertook to give a snake exhibition in his boots, but it killed him. That was a bad joke for Alic!"

"Since you air so solicitous about France and the Emperor, may I ask you how your own country is getting along?" sed Jerome, in a pleasant voice.

"It's mixed," I sed. "But I think we shall cum out all right."

"Columbus, when he diskivered this magnificent continent, could hav no idee of the grandeur it would one day assoom," sed the Prints.

"It cost Columbus twenty thousand dollars to fit out his explorin expedition," sed I. "If he had bin a sensible man he'd hav put the money in a hos railroad or a gas company, and left this magnificent continent to the inteligent savages, who when they got hold of a good thing knew enuff to keep it, and who wouldn't hav seceded, nor rebelled, nor knockt Liberty in the hed with a slungshot. Columbus wasn't much of a feller, after all. It would hav bin money in my pocket if he'd staid to home. Chris. ment well, but he put his foot in it when he sailed for America."

We talked sum more about matters and things, and at larst I riz to go. "I will now say goodbye to you, noble sir, and good luck to *you*. Likewise the same to Clotildy. Also to the gorgeous persons which compose your soot. If the Emperor's boy don't like livin at the Tooleries, when he gits older, and would like to embark in the show biznies, let him come with me and I'll make a man of him. You find us sumwhat mixed, as I before observed, but come agin next year and you'll find us clearer nor ever. The American Eagle has lived too sumptuously of late—his stummic become foul, and he's now takin a slite emetic. That's all. We're gettin ready to strike a big blow and a sure one. When we do strike the fur will fly and secession will be in the hands of the undertaker, sheeted for so deep a grave that nothing short of Gabriel's trombone will ever awaken it! Mind what I say. You've heard the showman!"

Then advisin him to keep away from the Peter Func auctions of the East, and the proprietors of corner-lots in the West, I bid him farewell, and went away.

There was a levee at Senator What's-his-names, and I thought I'd jine in the festivities for a spell. Who should I see but she that was Sarah Watkins, now the wife of our Congresser, trippin in the dance, dressed up to kill in her store close. Sarah's father used to keep a little grocery store in our town, and she used to clerk it for him in busy times. I was rushin up to shake hands with her when she turned on her heel, and tossin her hed in a contemptuous manner walked away from me very rapid. "Hallo, Sal," I hollerd, "can't you measure me a quart of them best melasses? I may want a codfish, also!" I guess this reminded her of the little red store, and "the days of her happy childhood."

But I fell in with a nice little gal after that, who was much sweeter than Sally's father's melasses, and I axed her if we shouldn't glide in the messy dance. She sed we should, and we Glode.

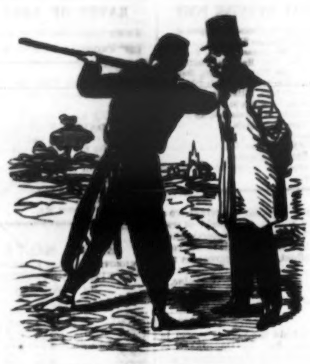
I intended to make this letter very seris, but a few goaks may hav accidently crept in. Never mind. Besides, I think it improves a komick paper to publish a goak once in a while. Yours Muchly,

—*Vanity Fair.* WARD, (ARTEMUS.)

A JUDICIAL SOLOMON.—A trial was going on one day in which the parties were A. vs. B. Question in dispute was the ownership of a certain dog. Both parties claimed the dog as theirs, by certain marks upon him.—The testimony in regard to identity was full and clear upon both sides. After hearing the testimony, the Judge ordered the *dog* to be brought into Court. All being seated, he directed the Sheriff to hold the dog. A. was to stand on the north side of the room, B. on the south side, the Judge's seat being the east end, and the outside door was opened at the west end. He gave orders that at a certain sign A. should whistle, B. whistle, and he, the Judge, would whistle; and at another signal the Sheriff should let the dog loose.—A. whistled, B. whistled, and the Court whistled. At the second signal the dog was let loose, and at four jumps he was outside the door, despite of all the whistling, and over the hills out of sight. The Judge then ordered the clerk to enter "Neither Party," and thus ended the dog case.

A GOOD IDEA.—In the pleasant city of Canton, Mississippi, lives a worthy landlord by the name of Colonel Pierce. Next door to the Pierce House was a gunsmith's shop, kept by Bob Leonard, whose chief failing was the love of fish, squirrels, etc. When Bob wanted a day in the woods, he had no scruples about closing up his establishment. Of course Bob's customers would be more numerous on the days the shop was closed. Now, no place was so handy as Colonel Pierce's for the disappointed to inquire, "Do you know where Bob Leonard is?" The Colonel, getting heartily tired of the annoyance, bethought him of a plan for ridding himself of the trouble of answering. He had a sign painted, and hung up in the most conspicuous part of the office, with this inscription: "I want it distinctly understood that I don't know where Bob Leonard is!"

☞ AN ELECTION TRICK.—An unsuccessful candidate at the late election of the French Conseils Generaux is endeavoring to upset his successful rival's election on the ground of a cruel hoax played by the latter. M. Z——, the successful candidate, addressed by post to the electors of the department visiting cards, bearing the name of M. X——, his competitor, inscribed on them, but not prepaid. Each elector, having had to pay three sous for the letter, was furious, and exclaimed in such terms as "Oh, the wretched miser!" or "M. X—— wishes for my vote, and he will not even pay the postage of the letter requesting it; I will vote for M. Z——;" and M. Z—— was elected by a vast majority. It remains to be decided whether such a trick vitiates the election.



THE RIFLE MUSKET.

PEACEFUL CITIZEN.—That is rather a fine weapon, is it not, my friend?

BRAVE VOLUNTEER.—Wonderful! You aim at a man two miles off—you cannot even see him—it don't matter, fire—the ball will find him out.

ONE OF THE POMES.—The editor of the San Francisco Golden Era cruelly rejects a poem sent to him by a Californian "Anna Maria," and then adds insult to injury by giving his readers the following extract from the same, as justifying his decision:

I had a dreme,
 I thort I was alone, alone;
Oh, it did seme
 So sad away from home, from home.

Mi hed upon mi hand,
 I lent, I lent;
Mi ise upon the sand
 I bent, I bent.

I thort of other days:
 And things, and things,
Of happy, childish plase,
 And strings, and strings

BAD COLD.—An Irishman and a Dutchman were standing on the pier the other day, when an iron steam propeller came puffing along.

"Och, be jabers, vat a bad cowld that steamboot has got. Hear how the poor thing coughs," observed Patrick, as he pulled the pipe out of his mouth, and rolled out a cloud of smoke.

"How de devil a steamboat take cold, eh?" very knowingly inquired the Dutchman.

"Why, you spalpeen, she takes cowld from laying in the water so long; wouldn't it give anybody cowld, ye Dutch heathern ye?"

Agricultural.

FINE AND COARSE WOOL.

No observing person can have failed to notice the change which has occurred within a few years in regard to the quality of the wool of which our clothing is made. Fabrics wrought from coarse materials are used in much greater proportion than formerly. This remark has no reference to the manufacture of cloths for which a special demand has been made by the war, and which has lately brought fine and coarse wools almost on an equality of price in our markets. The fashion of wearing coarse wool seems to have originated in England, and according to the tendency of fashion in many other cases, it is followed by our people, though at a respectful distance. But besides the increased consumption of coarse fabric for men's wear, it appears that other descriptions of goods, composed of similar materials, have been introduced to such an extent that a considerable demand has sprung up in France and some other countries for English long wool.

What were the causes of this change? Why have the people of Great Britain resorted so much to the use of fabrics of comparatively coarse material instead of those of finer quality? One answer, and an important one, is doubtless to be found in the fact that Britain herself produces the coarsest material and does not produce the finer. And this fact involves another important question: Why does she produce coarse wool and not fine? Because she has a large population in proportion to her territorial area to support, and it is her desire to produce the greatest possible amount of food and clothing within her borders. It has been pretty well demonstrated that this object can be better attained by keeping sheep which bear rather coarse wool, than by those yielding the finest quality.

From these facts certain inferences and deductions present themselves which are more or less applicable to our circumstances. The demand for mutton in our markets is rapidly increasing, and must result in an increase of the sheep from which it can be made at the least expense. This result will be accelerated by the increased demand for the coarser wools. Britain intends to supply herself with fine wool from her Australian colonies, where land is cheap and mutton of little value. We can produce fine wool in our Western states, and in sections where the cheapness of land and other circumstances may render it expedient. The cost of transporting it to the Atlantic cities is trifling while the expense of sending mutton the same distance is comparatively great.

Our attention has been called to this subject by reading a valuable paper presented at a late meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society, by Mr. Caird, a member of Parliament, and a report of the discussion which followed. Mr. Caird gives the number of sheep in the United Kingdom as 30,000,000, producing annually 120,000,000 pounds of wool, or an average of four pounds per head. The importation of wool into Britain in 1859, amounted to 133,000,000 pounds, of which her own colonies furnished 82,000,000 pounds. But notwithstanding this vast increase in importation, it is said "the price of British wool has not only undergone no diminution, but its production continues to be one of the most profitable branches of our agricultural industry." The explanation given of this result, is that there is an increased demand for the home-grown wool, both for domestic and foreign manufacture. France and other continental countries having taken from Britain in 1859, no less than 58,000,000 pounds of long wool. It appears that, although some of the finer varieties of British wool, as the Down, have formerly brought much higher prices per pound than the long wools, there is at present but little difference in their value. Mr. C. closes his paper with the following practical suggestions:—"That the British wool-grower should develope as much as possible that kind of wool which is least subject to foreign and colonial competition, and for the production of which he fortunately possesses both the most suitable soil and climate, and the supply of which can be best increased by good farming, liberal feeding, and with a large frame of mutton, as well as a heavy fleece of wool. For this purpose the best cross probably that can at present be adopted on suitable soils would be by using the improved Lincoln or Leicester *ram*, in which the desirable qualities of length, lustre, strength, and fineness of wool seem to be combined."

Professor Wilson thought the Lincoln and other long wool breeds, produce the wool that is most valuable for its lustrous properties, which are essential in particular fabrics. He said that from information he had obtained in France and other countries, it appeared to him that the day for the fine qualities of wool was fast passing away. "We know," he said, "that none of us wear the fine Saxony cloths that we used to wear when the Merinos were cultivated, and wool was sold at a high price to manufacture an expensive material to be worn by the few. The great object of the day now is to get a cheaper article that can be worn by the many, and Bradford, Leeds, and all those parts of Yorkshire, testify to the fact that the manufacture of the looser goods, which are made from long wools, are rapidly increasing; while the manufacture of finer goods from the short wools is as rapidly decreasing; and the consequence is that clear headed farmers on the Continent see that they have not that demand for the expensive, and not easily cultivated short wools; and that it will be their policy to change, as rapidly as they can, their Merinos to a breed of sheep that should give them more mutton, and a larger quantity of a cheaper description of wool." He stated that nearly all the Merino flocks in France had given place to what is called the Metis Merino, a cross breed, and these in turn are giving way to a cross with the Leicester.

The Chairman, Mr. T. Raymond Barker, said the habits of the people had greatly changed. When he was a young man a person would be affronted if his tailor offered him cloth at anything less than 24s. or 25s. ($6 to $6,25) a yard—finest Saxony. Expensive cloth was scarcely ever worn at the present day, and hence the necessity for wool growers to change their mode of operation."

Various practical ideas in regard to the management of sheep were brought out during the discussion, one of which was that the quality of wool depends much on the manner that the sheep are fed, a point which the best wool growers in our country well understand. If sheep are well fed at one time and starved at another, the wool will be uneven in staple, will be weak, and will neither spin well nor make good cloth. One speaker stated that rape-cake produced the strongest and best wool. Another, that all oily kinds of food tended to strengthen and increase the weight of the wool, and impart lustre to it.—*Boston Cultivator.*

TO SAVE CABBAGES.—Tie two together by the heels, and hang them over a low pole in the cellar, so that the heels will just clear the ground; tuck loose straw around them, and sprinkle twice during the winter with brine. That's the way I keep mine, and always have them as fresh and crisp in April, as when first taken from the ground.—MRS. E. D. KENDALL, *in Country Gentleman.*

PLAYING "RAREY" WITH A BULL.—S. Edwards Todd, a farmer of Connecticut, gives in the columns of the Ohio Farmer, the following mode of handling a bull. The suggestions may be of practical service to others:

It is usually a very difficult operation to do anything with the feet of an ox or bull, unless they are first put in a sling or some similar place. They do not like to have their feet handled, and sometimes they will not allow one to even feel of their feet. I have a large and strong Durham bull that became very lame in one of his forward feet, and although he is very docile and very tractable, he would allow no one to examine his feet. He continued to grow more lame from day to day, and it seemed necessary that we should make an effort to remove the cause, if we could ascertain what it was. We tied his head firmly to a solid post, allowing him about one foot play. Now we tied a small rope around the forward leg that was not lame close to his body, and carried it over his neck, making a loop that would slip in the end of it. This loop was up almost to the top of his shoulders. Now we took another small rope and tied a slip knot around the fetlock of the lame foot, and passed the upper end of this rope through the loop of the one that was tied to the other leg. Then we took hold of his leg to raise the foot, and as the foot came up, with the other hand the rope was jerked through the loop and tied in a hurry. This held his foot up with the knee bent, while he stood on three feet. After making a few unsuccessful attempts to get away, and put down his foot, he succumbed and was as gentle as a lamb, and allowed me to handle his foot, examine it, and pare it and to remove the little stone between his hoofs.

SOME PLANTS IMPOVERISH THE SOIL MUCH MORE THAN OTHERS.—Plants are not only nourished by the roots, but also by their leaves; those that have succulent leaves of open texture—such as *peas, beans, turnips* and *potatoes*,—derive much of their nourishment from the air, and therefore less impoverish the soil than *wheat, barley, oats, rye, &c.*, which leaves, being of firm texture, depend more upon the root for support. All plants whose seeds yield oil—such as *rape, flax, hemp, &c.*,—are the greatest of all impoverishers of the soil. All true succulent plants—such as *sempervivum*, the house-leek, Aloe, Stapelia, Mesembryanthemum, &c., derive by far the greater portion of their food from the atmosphere, and all crustaceous lichens growing in rocks, the bark of trees, &c., derive it entirely from the air.—*Scottish Farmer.*

BEE HARVESTS.—There are for the bee three harvest seasons every year—spring, summer and autumn. If only one of these yield abundantly, the bees will secure a supply for all of their prospective wants; and so likewise if all three are only moderately good. When they can gather plentifully during two of them, they secure a supply and a surplus; and when all three yield amply there will be a superabundance of stores. As a general rule, destitution or starvation will only occur among bees which are diseased or mismanaged; especially when by improper or excessive pruning in the spring they are constrained to use for comb-building the avails of the early harvest, and the latter ones prove to be meagre.—*American Bee Journal.*

Useful Receipts.

HOLLYHOCK LEAVES MAKE A BEAUTIFUL DYE.—Gather the faded leaves of the dark maroon-colored hollyhock, single or double flowers, place a large handful in about a quart of water, with a piece of alum about the size of a filbert; let it simmer down to about the quantity; dip ribbons, cashmere, woolens or silks, into the liquid, and you will obtain the fashionable and elegant tint called "mauve." Ribbons should be wrapped in a piece of white calico or linen, so as to dry gradually and evenly. The shade of color may be lessened by adding water, if the tint should be considered too high.

YEAST.—A correspondent writing from the camp mentions the fact, that one of the chief bakers of the Thirty-fourth Regiment was formerly the baker of Lord Lyons. He makes his yeast from water and hops alone, and no better, sweeter or lighter bread was ever tasted. Talking of yeast, he tells of a simple recipe for making the same, which is highly commended by the General of one of the brigades. It may be of service to many poor camp-baker as well as tidy housewife:—Boil one pound of flour, quarter of a pound of brown sugar and a little salt in two gallons of water for one hour. When milk-warm bottle and cork it close. It will be ready for use in 24 hours.

NURSERY DUMPLINGS.—Having, one evening, been invited to join a children's party at Farmer Laurence's near Oswestry, and the supper being composed, for the most part, of dumplings of various sorts, so as to please the children, I made the following experiment, which proved quite successful:—Green gages being very plentiful, I went and gathered some, and made the following fruit dumplings. I made half a pound of paste, rolled it out rather thin, then cut a piece round with the rim of a tumbler, moistened it, and placed a gage in the centre, adding half a teaspoonful of sugar, enclosed all in the paste, thoroughly closing the rim, then placed on the baking-sheet, the smooth part uppermost, and baked them from ten to twelve minutes, serving them up with sugar. They made a beautiful dish.

Gooseberries, rhubarb, cherries, and mulberries can all be done this way. All kinds of plums can be done the same.—*Soyer.*

PLAIN CHEESE CAKE.—Put half a pint of milk curds, well drained, in a basin, add to it an ounce and a half of butter, stir perfectly smooth, put in three teaspoonfuls of sugar, one ounce of washed currants, one egg, half a pint of milk, and any flavor you like, as lemon, orange, &c., &c. Prepare your paste, fill up the tins with this, bake the same, and serve.—*Soyer.*

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 13 letters.

My 1, 2, 3, 5, 11, is a range of mountains in South America.

My 2, 5, 6, 8, 4, 10, is a town in New Jersey.

My 3, 8, 13, is a river in South Carolina.

My 4, 8, 9, 5, is a cape in North America.

My 5, 2, 1, 4, 5, is a lake in Lapland.

My 6, 1, 4, 4, 5, 13, is a county in Pennsylvania.

My 7, 5, 3, 3, 12, is a city in Japan.

My whole was a great American General and statesman. WM. T. TOTTEN.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A little word, my first, a mere addition,
And simply signifies a repetition;
My next, a town, (much used in city life,)
Denotes a lady fair, perhaps your wife;
To guess my third will not detain you long,
A beast it is, both wild and fierce and strong;
My sinful whole, as sacred records tell,
In heaven begun when first an angel fell,
On earth has proved, almost since time began,
A source of crime and endless woes to man,
E'en now, alas! it threatens desolation
To our once happy and contented nation.

Hancock Co., Md. J.

GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Is a cape of North America.
Is a cape of Asia.
Is the capital of one of the European powers.
Is a lake in the United States.
Is a cape in Asia.
Is a river of Asia.

My initials form a power of the world; my finals its capital. SAMUEL S. LAIRD.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is in gem, but not in jewel;
My second is in wood, but not in fuel;
My third is in old, but not in new;
My fourth is in mutton, but not in stew;
My whole is often seen by you,
If you guess this riddle you will do.

Philadelphia. WM. TOLBUT TOTTEN.

DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A group of islands near Italy.
A capital of one of the United States.
A county in Georgia.
A river of South America.
A county in England.
A section of Ethiopia.
A city of Europe.
A river in Asia.

My initials form a city in North America, and my finals the place and situation.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in feeble, but not in strong.
My 2nd is in right, but not in wrong.
My 3rd is in chimney, but not in house.
My 4th is in mice, but not in mouse.
My 5th is in foot, but not in feet.
My 6th is in cold, but not in heat.
My 7th is in gained, but not in lost.
My whole to keep the Union must.

SAMUEL S. LAIRD.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in ice, but not in snow.
My 2nd is in winds, but not in blow.
My 3rd is in streams, but not in flow.
My whole our Government does not know.

JOHN C. LUNN.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If 21 oxen eat 10 acres of grass 9 weeks sooner than 36 oxen eat 24 acres, and 39 oxen eat 5 acres more grass in 27 weeks than 45 oxen eat in 12 weeks, how many more oxen will it take to eat 50 acres of grass in 60 weeks than it will to eat 40 acres in 72 weeks, the grass in each instance growing uniformly? ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

What is the least possible number into which any one of the nine digits used in plain written arithmetic, that is from 1 up to 10, may be divided without leaving a remainder? PETER.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What lass is every sailor bound to tackle? Ans.—The *wind*-lass.

☞ Why is Dr. Russell like a newspaper carrier? Ans.—Because he *serves* the "Times."

☞ Where did McClellan gather the wreaths of victory? Ans.—On Laurel Hill.

☞ What kind of fruit is never sold single? Ans.—The pear.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.—A wise man feareth and departeth from evil, but the fool rageth and is confident.—*Proverbs*, 14th chapter, 16th verse. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Tobacco. DOUBLE REBUS.—Jasper Marion. (Jam, Altamaha, Sulphur, Papyri, El Dorado, Reuben.) REBUS.—Dover. (Danube, Obe, Venice, Etna, Rocky.) RIDDLE.—Secession. ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.—5 miles, 495 yards, 7½ inches, nearly.

☞ A NEAT HIT.—A Frenchman who wrote, several years ago, a book on "The Laws of Gastronomy," or the art of dining out, lays it down among his leading rules, that "a guest would be guilty of great injustice, should he speak ill of his friend within three hours after having dined with him. The gratitude should last as long as the digestion." A neat hit, that; and inculcating a doctrine of unquestionable soundness.

☞ A subscriber to a moral reform paper called at the post-office, the other day, and inquired if the "Friend of Virtue" had come. "No," replied the postmaster, "there has been no such person here for a long time."